

hair of deepest blackness, and with a sparkle of jewels on neck and arms. Only for one instant did he see it; but he knew it was his very hair, and stood still. "Stop her! stop her! she is ill of the plague!" shouted the crowd, pressing, panting; and but they came too late; the white vision had went down into the black, sluggish river, and disappeared.

"Who is it? What is it? Where is it?" cried and rushing up; and the crowd—a small mob of a dozen or so—answered all at once: "She is delirious with the plague; she was running through the streets; we gave chase to her; she tripped up, and is now at the bottom of the Thames!"

Ormiston waited to hear no more, but rushed precipitately down to the water's edge. The alarm had not reached the boats on the river, and many eyes within them were turned in the direction whence she had gone down. Soon she reappeared on the dark surface—something white, faint, whiter than death, shining like silver, shone the glittering dress and marble face of the bride. A small bateau lay close to where Ormiston stood; in two seconds she had moved it off, sprung in, and was rowing vigorously toward that snow-wreath in the inkly river. But he was forestalled; two hands, white and jeweled as her own, reached over the edge of a gilded barge, and with the help of the boatman, lifted her in. Before she could be properly established on the cushioned seats, the bateau was alongside, and Ormiston turned a very white and excited face toward the Earl of Rochester.

"I know that lady, my lord! She is a friend of mine, and you must give her to me!"

"Is it you, Ormiston? Why, what brings you here alone on the river at this hour?"

"I have come, for her," said Ormiston, pressing over to lift the lady: "may I beg you to assist me, my lord, in transferring her to my boat?"

"You must wait till I see her first," said Rochester, partly raising her head and holding a lamp close to her face; "as I have picked her out, I think I deserve it. Heavens! what an extraordinary likeness!"

The earl had glanced at the lady, then at his page, again at the lady, and lastly at Ormiston, his handsome countenance full of the most unmitigated wonder.

"To whom?" asked Ormiston, who had very little time to inquire.

"To Hubert, yonder. Why, don't you see it yourself? She might be his twin sister!"

"She might be, but, as she is not, you will have the goodness to let me take charge of her. She has escaped from her husband's clutches, and is now to be taken to him. He half-lifted her as he spoke; and the boatman, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the bateau. The lady was not inensible, as might be supposed; she was cold, cold bath, but extremely wide-awake, and gazing around her with great, black, shining eyes. But she made no resistance; she was too faint or too frightened for that, and suffered herself to be hoisted about, "passive to all changes," Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it, and though the beautiful, wistful eyes were solemnly and unwinkingly fixed on his face, the pale, sweet lips parted not—uttered never a word. The wet bridge robes were drenched and dripping, the long, dark, half-hung in saturated masses over her neck and arms, and contrasted vividly with a face, Ormiston thought, at once the whitest, most beautiful, and most stone-like he had ever seen.

"Thank you, my man; thank you, my lord," said Ormiston, preparing to push off.

Rochester, who had been leaning from the barge, gazing in mingled curiosity, wonder and admiration at the lovely face, turned now to his chamberlain.

"Who is she, Ormiston?" he said, persuasively.

But Ormiston only laughed, and rowed energetically for the shore. The crowd was still lingering, and half a dozen hands were extended to draw the boat up to the landing. He lifted the light form in his arms and bore it from the boat; but before he could proceed further with his armful of beauty, a faint but imperious voice spoke. "Please put me down. I am not a baby, and can walk myself."

Ormiston was so surprised, or rather dismayed, by this unexpected address, that he complied at once, and placed her on her own pretty feet. But the young lady's sense of propriety was not a great deal stronger than her physical powers; and she swayed and tottered, and had to cling to her unknown friend for support.

"You are scarcely strong enough, I am afraid, dear lady," he said, kindly. "You had better let me carry you. I assure you I am quite equal to it, or even a more mighty burden, if necessity required."

"Thank you, sir," said the faint voice, faintly; "but I would rather walk. Where are you taking me to?"

"To your own house, if you wish—it is quite close at hand."

"Yes. Yes. Let us go there! Prudence is there, and she will take care of me."

"Will she?" said Ormiston, doubtfully. "I hope you do not suffer much pain?"

"I do not suffer at all," she said, wearily; "only I am so tired. Oh, I wish I was home!"

Ormiston half led, half lifted her up the stairs.

"You are almost there, dear lady—see, it is close at hand!"

She half lifted her languid eyes, but did not speak. Leaning panting on his arm, he drew her gently on until he reached her door. It was still unfastened. Prudence had kept her word, and not come near it; and he opened it, and helped her in.

"Where now?" he asked.

"Up-stairs," she said, feebly. "I want to go to my own room."

Ormiston knew where that was, and assisted her there as tenderly as he could have done La Maque herself. He paused on the threshold; for the room was dark as Hades.

"There is a lamp and a tinder-box on the mantel," said the faint, sweet voice; "if you will only please to find them."

Ormiston crossed the room—fortunately he knew the latitude of the place—and moving his hand with gingerly precaution along the mantel-shelf, he brought up any of the gimcracks thereon, which the patient lady would not touch.

The lady was leaning wearily against the door-post, but now she came forward, and dropped exhausted into the downy pillows of a lounge.

"Is there anything I can do for you, my dear?" began Ormiston, with as solicitous an air as though he had been her father. "A glass of wine would be of use to you at this time, and then, if you wish, I will go for a doctor."

"You are very kind. You will find wine and glasses in the room opposite this, and I feel so faint that I think you had better bring me some."

Ormiston moved across the passage, like the good, obedient young man that he was, filled a glass of Burgundy, and as he was returning with it, was startled by a cry from the lady that nearly made him drop and shiver it on the floor.

"What under heaven has come to her now?" he thought, hastening in; and he found that she could possibly have come to grief since he left her.

She was sitting upright on the sofa, her dress pulled down off her shoulder where the plague-spot had been; and which, to his amazement, he saw now pure and stainless, and free from every loathsome trace.

"You are cured of the plague!" was all he could cry.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, fervently clasping her hands. "But oh! how can it have happened! It must be a miracle!"

"No, it was your plunge into the river; I have heard of one or two such cases before, and if ever I take it," said Ormiston, half laughing, half shuddering, "my first rush shall be for old Father Thames. Here, drink this; I am certain it will complete the cure."

The girl—she was nothing but a girl—drank it off and sat upright like one inspired with new life. As she set down the glass, she lifted her dark, gleaming, beautiful eyes to his face, with a long, searching gaze.

"What is your name?" she simply asked.

"Ormiston, madam," he said, bowing low.

"You have saved my life, have you not?"

"It was the Earl of Rochester who rescued you from the river; but I would have done it a moment later."

"I do not mean that. I mean"—with a slight shudder—"are you not one of those I saw at the plague-pit? Oh! that dreadful, dreadful plague-pit!" she cried, covering her face with her hands.

"Yes, I am one of them."

"And who was the other?"

"My friend, Sir Norman Kingsley."

"Sir Norman Kingsley?" she softly repeated, with a sort of recognition in her voice and eyes, while a faint roseate glow rose softly over her face and neck. Ah! I thought—was it to his house or yours I was brought?"

"To his," replied Ormiston, looking at her curiously; for he had seen that rosy glow, and was extremely puzzled thereby; "from whence, allow me to add, you took your departure rather unceremoniously."

"Did I?" she said, in a bewildered sort of way. "It all like a dream. I remember rudeness, screaming, and telling me I had the plague, and the unutterable horror that filled me when I heard it; and then the next thing I recollect is, being at the plague-pit, and seeing your face and his bending over me. All the horror came back with that awakening, and between it and the anguish of the plague-spot I think I fainted again. Ormiston nodded sagaciously. "And when I next recovered I was alone in a strange room, and in bed. I no-

ticed that, though I think I must have been delirious. And then, half-mad with agony, I got out to the street, somehow, and ran, and ran, and ran, until the people saw and followed me here. I suppose I had some idea of reaching home when I came here; but the crowd, and the noise, and the rest as well as I do. But I owe you my life, Mr. Ormiston—owe it to you and another; and I thank you both with all my heart."

"Madam, you are too grateful; and I don't know as we have done anything much to deserve it."

"You have saved my life, and though you may think that a valueless trifle, not worth speaking of, I assure you I view it in a very different light," she said, with a half smile.

"Lady, your life is invaluable; but as to our saving it, why, you would not have us throw you alive into the plague-pit, would you?"

"It would have been rather barbarous, I confess; but there are few who would risk infection for the sake of a mere stranger. Instead of doing as you did, you might have sent me to the pest-house, you know."

"Oh, as to that, all your gratitude is due to Sir Norman. He managed the whole affair, and what is more, fell—but I will leave that for himself to disclose. Meaningly, I ask the name of the lady I have been so fortunate as to serve?"

"Undoubtedly, sir—my name is Leoline."

"Then I am so unfortunate as only to possess half a name, for I never had any other."

Ormiston opened his eyes very wide, indeed.

"No other? You must have had a father some time in your life; most people have," said the young gentleman, reflectively.

She shook her head a little sadly.

"I never had that I know now he is dead, and I have never seen him often. Why was Prudence talking of me to her, I wonder?"

"That I do not know; but talking of you she was engaged from her husband's clutches, and is now to be taken to him. He half-lifted her as he spoke; and the boatman, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the bateau. The lady was not inensible, as might be supposed; she was cold, cold bath, but extremely wide-awake, and gazing around her with great, black, shining eyes. But she made no resistance; she was too faint or too frightened for that, and suffered herself to be hoisted about, "passive to all changes," Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it, and though the beautiful, wistful eyes were solemnly and unwinkingly fixed on his face, the pale, sweet lips parted not—uttered never a word. The wet bridge robes were drenched and dripping, the long, dark, half-hung in saturated masses over her neck and arms, and contrasted vividly with a face, Ormiston thought, at once the whitest, most beautiful, and most stone-like he had ever seen."

"Do you know Sir Norman Kingsley?" he suspiciously asked.

"By sight I know many of the nobles of the court," she answered, evasively, and without looking up; "they pass here often, and I know them all; but I have never seen him distinctly."

"Is she?" said Leoline, fixing her eyes on him with a powerful glance. "How do you know that?"

"I heard her say so not half an hour ago, to a lady a few doors distant. Perhaps you know her—La Maque."

"That singular being! I don't know her; but I have seen her often. Why was Prudence talking of me to her, I wonder?"

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"That I do not know; but talking of you she was engaged from her husband's clutches, and is now to be taken to him. He half-lifted her as he spoke; and the boatman, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the bateau. The lady was not inensible, as might be supposed; she was cold, cold bath, but extremely wide-awake, and gazing around her with great, black, shining eyes. But she made no resistance; she was too faint or too frightened for that, and suffered herself to be hoisted about, "passive to all changes," Ormiston spread his cloak in the stern of the boat, and laid her tenderly upon it, and though the beautiful, wistful eyes were solemnly and unwinkingly fixed on his face, the pale, sweet lips parted not—uttered never a word. The wet bridge robes were drenched and dripping, the long, dark, half-hung in saturated masses over her neck and arms, and contrasted vividly with a face, Ormiston thought, at once the whitest, most beautiful, and most stone-like he had ever seen."

"By sight I know many of the nobles of the court," she answered, evasively, and without looking up; "they pass here often, and I know them all; but I have never seen him distinctly."

"Is she?" said Leoline, fixing her eyes on him with a powerful glance. "How do you know that?"

"I heard her say so not half an hour ago, to a lady a few doors distant. Perhaps you know her—La Maque."

"That singular being! I don't know her; but I have seen her often. Why was Prudence talking of me to her, I wonder?"

"That I do not know; but talking of you she was engaged from her husband's clutches, and is now to be taken to him. He half-lifted her as he spoke; and the boatman, glad enough to get rid of one sick of the plague, helped her into the bateau. The lady was not inensible, as might be supposed; she was cold, cold bath, but extremely wide-awake, and gazing around her with great, black, shining eyes. But she made no resistance; she was too faint or too frightened for that

wrapped in thin paper, to each of the little band. While thus engaged, Kit Bandy asked: "Are they doin' much mournin' over my death up at the ranche, Aree?"

"They were puzzled over the absence of your body and the empty grave," she answered. In a moment Tom said:

"We are now ready to follow your instructions, fair friend, be it to freedom or death."

"May God speed you!" she answered, with a depth of earnestness in her trembling voice.

"But you, Aree—"

"Never mind me," she interrupted, "a hundred times have I ridden over these hills where you would not dare to go. But, sir, may I ask your name?" and her voice fell almost to a whisper.

"Thomas Taylor," the young man answered.

"Thank you," and she dashed away. The next moment her pony was heard clambering up the steep mountain side to their right, where the ascent seemed to loom abruptly into the sky. At every bound almost they could see a flash beneath the iron-shod hoofs of her pony, and up and up, higher and higher were those faint flashes seen to rise—diminishing in the distance like the dull glow of a receding firefly.

"Gracious heavens!" cried Tom, almost motionless with fear; "she will be killed! She is mad—wild!"

"Don't worry 'bout that gal, Tom," said old Kit. "Her life's charmed by all the fairies in Christendom. She'd be reckless enough to ride up Bunker Hill monument if she'd take a notion to."

"Brave, beautiful and peerless Aree!" said Tom.

The sound of approaching horsemen at this juncture, warned the little band of danger, and turning their animals' heads, they rode on toward the ford.

CHAPTER XIX.

CROSSING THE RUBICON.

UNDER the gloom of night, the river flowed silently on.

To and fro across the delta before them, in and out of the shadows like weavers' shuttles, glided the velvet-footed coyote and hare.

The sky was overcast, and a dense fog hung over the river and the approach to the ford.

Twelve glowing specks of fire blazed upon the throbbing breasts of our twelve friends, as they advanced toward the river.

Not a sound escaped their lips; only the tread of their animals' feet told of their approach, aside from the lights.

Half a score of eager eyes, concealed among the bushes on the opposite side of the river, saw the moving lights and kindled brighter with delight.

Into the flowing, treacherous river rode the rangers, and through it they spur their plunging beasts.

The Rubicon is passed, and they stand upon its shore; and now, as if actuated by a single impulse, they dash away and escape into the woods.

Under the spreading branches of a great tree, Idaho Tom finally halts to call the roll and enumerate the loss and casualties.

All answered to his name save one.

Kit Bandy, the ex-robber, was missing!

They waited for him, and called; but he came not.

No one remembered having seen him since they entered the river.

"Boys," said Darcy Cooper, "I am afraid he has gone back on us," and he expressed the opinion of all but one.

And that one was Tom, and Tom alone was right. Kit Bandy had not deserted them, but was unknowingly deserted—left behind in trouble.

In crossing the river, he had permitted the current to bear him too far down the stream, and his horse became entangled in some drift-wood and mired down in the treacherous quicksand bottom. In the darkness, and the confusion consequent upon the crossing, his companions failed to discover his mishap.

Down, deeper and deeper sunk his horse in the sand. His exertions to free itself only served to increase its peril. Kit soon discovered his danger and leaped from the animal's back into the water, tearing off the signal-light on his breast as he did so; for at this juncture the rangers dashed away, and the robbers in waiting discovered the trick that had been practiced upon them.

Throwing himself upon his back, he floated down the river at the will of the current, the floundering of his horse drawing the attention of the enemy to the one spot, and thereby enabling him to make good his escape.

Seeing that they had been outwitted by the rangers, the robbers made no attempt to pursue them, nor did they create any noise that would attract the attention of the approaching soldiers; but at once stole softly, yet briskly away down the river to where they had left their horses.

Meanwhile, the redoubtable Kit Bandy was floating silently down the river, and there is no telling when he would have gone ashore, so easily was he drifting along, had he not discovered that the banks of the river were fast developing into the walls of a canyon. This decided his course, and he at once turned and swam to the east shore, scrambled up its almost perpendicular bank and sat down upon a rock to regain his breath. While thus engaged, he took off his clothing, piece by piece, and wrung the water out of the garments, and replaced them upon his person. This done, he rose to depart.

"Dast'em, I got away from 'em, if I did have to swim for it," he said aloud, a habit he had of talking to himself when alone.

The next moment the tread of feet was heard, and a dozen men confronted him. They were Prairie Paul and party—the very men of whom he was speaking.

"Kit Bandy! Is it possible that you are here alive?" exclaimed the outlaw chief, in astonishment.

"Ar'n't it, though, cap'n?" responded Kit, endeavoring to speak with his usual composure, while his heart was sinking through fear that his desertion of the band had been discovered. But his quick wits serving him at the proper instant, he continued, without scarcely an interruption in his speech; "and a devil of a time I've had of it. Them ornery, mean young scape-gallows took me in a prisoner, and with all my figgerin' and fightin', I couldn't slip 'em till we went to ford the river. My loss mired and I floated off—sposed that war a lot of sojers nigh, or I'd 'a' put to shore sooner."

"But how is it that the rangers all carried our signals?" asked the robber captain.

"Hom of Joshua! That's nothin', cap'n. They know more'n half of our secrets—got 'em from some of our traitors. Them boys have got laydome of 'em signal balls among their effects. I tell ye, friends, 'em boys are reglar young Bengal tigers on a fight."

"Kit, how does it come that you are here alive?" asked one who had seen him fall in the rangers' camp.

"That's easy 'nuff 'counted for. Old aunt Peggy Bandy just started me in business, seen' she was my mother. But if you want to know why I'm alive since the fight 't'other night, I'll say that it comes from the fact that I weren't killed. I war only stunned, and when they got so wonderful Christianish as to want to chuck me into a grave that wa'n't fit for a dead Pute, I had to let 'em know I wa'n't ripe for plantin' yit, and so they snalled me in a prisoner—a curiosity of the Black Hills of a Cheeago menagary, they said. Didn't ye see my grave? wa'n't it a slovenly affair?"

"Yes, and were surprised to find it empty," replied Paul.

"Humph!" grunted Kit, disdainfully, "a dead man wouldn't sleep in such a dasted hole as that war. But, oh, horn that blew down old Jericho!—if them fellers ar'n't cases, I don't want a cent. They're afraid of nothin' human, and shoot!—why, hounds of Satan! shoot's no name for it. I've seed 'em shoot gnats off each other's cheeks with their revolvers; and that's not all. They never use a ramrod to load a mazzie-loadin' rifle."

"You're tryin' to sell some one, as usual, now," remarked one of the outlaws.

"Gospelfactorum; the way they do it, they put in the powder; then the owner of the gun steps off a hundred yards, and another with a breech-loader of the same bore, shoots the ball down the barrel of the muzzle-loader—do it every time slick as a ribbon—fact, gospelfactorum."

"What an infernal lie," said one of the robbers.

"Have it your own way, boys; but I would like to get out of this place into a dryer suit of clothes, else be movin' to generate some heat to dry these 'uns."

"I would like to find out before leaving here," said Prairie Paul, "the position and movements of the soldiers. We have more to fear of them now than the rangers."

"Then s'pose I scout up to'ds the ford?" said Kit.

"Go ahead, and hurry back," replied Paul, and Kit departed, one of the party having provided him with a rifle and revolver.

The outlaws never suspected him of falsehood, nor dreamed of his real intentions. The empty grave, and the words they had heard him speak when he first landed, were ample proof of what he subsequently told them. Kit saw how easily he had disarmed them of all grounds for suspicion; and with a reckless disregard of his word and the probable consequence, he turned aside as soon as he was out of hearing, and crept around to where the robbers had left their horses hitched in the timber. Selecting the finest one, which of course was Prairie Paul's, he vaulted into the saddle, waved a silent adieu toward the robbers, and rode away, convulsed with silent laughter over the conceit of his deceptive trick.

Meanwhile, Idaho Tom and party were riding rapidly away. They kept on the move all night, and the next day they passed out of the hills, upon the open plains of Dakota. Here they felt more at ease, and had the fate of Kit Bandy been known to them, they would have had no uneasiness whatever hanging over their minds, for, somehow or other, they had become attached to the whimsical old ex-robber.

Toward the close of the day, they espied a white-topped wagon across the plain some distance to their right. There was something about this "prairie schooner," and its movement, that gave it a piratical look, and the young rangers resolved to inquire into it.

Concealing themselves behind a swell in the plain, they waited until night, when they moved cautiously toward the wagon. The vehicle had stopped; and leaving his horse in care of his friends, Idaho Tom crept softly through the tall grass, and, unseen, gained a position directly under the wagon, where, a few minutes later, he was confronted by Dakota Dan, the ranger!

CHAPTER XX.

DAKOTA DAN IN TROUBLE.

WHAT followed the meeting of Dakota Dan and Idaho Tom, under the prairie pirates' wagon and elsewhere, has been fully recorded up to the time we left them encamped in the little grove on the prairie, and at which point we resume the main thread of our story.

It will doubtless be remembered that Dakota Dan had left his friends to reconnoiter the immediate vicinity, and had been gone but a few minutes when the angry report of a gun started the young rangers with the belief that Dan was in trouble. The sudden appearance of Humility in camp, howling with agony, went far to corroborate this belief, and they at once set off to the old ranger's assistance.

After leaving the rangers, Dakota Dan had proceeded but a short distance when he was suddenly brought to a stand by sight of a dark line crossing his path at right angles. No one but an experienced hunter would have noticed this, for it was but the faint trail of something through the grass. Dan examined the ground carefully, and discovered the imprint of a moccasin foot in the yielding soil. Glancing along the trail, he was not a little surprised to see a red-skin with his rifle at a trail, skulking through the timber as though he, too, was reconnoitering the situation.

Dan turned and set off to follow him, in a crouching position. Humility took the lead, and as they moved along, an accident befell the old man, that in all his experience as a hunter and ranger, never happened before. The hammer of his rifle caught on a twig and the gun was discharged. The muzzle being forward and pointed directly toward Humility, the bullet grazed the animal's side and clipped off the tip of his right ear.

Startled by this rough usage, such as he had never received of his master before, the dog turned and fled, yelping at every bound.

The Indian was brought to an abrupt halt by the report of the gun, and turning, he ran his eyes over the woods behind him. He could see nothing; however, his savage curiosity was aroused, and he started back along his trail to make some investigations.

Dakota Dan saw his movements, and at once stepped aside into a cluster of bushes to await his approach. A smile of grim satisfaction and determination mounted the face of the old man, as he watched the savage creeping nearer and nearer with every faculty on the alert.

"I'm goin' to give him a tussel," Dan mused, with a decisive nod of the head; "I've found but few red-skins in my time that could handle me; but I'm growin' old, and I want to see whether my physical powers are fallin', as I've thought they war of late."

The old man breathed heavily as he made this mental concession. He glanced back over the past and at a life that had been so busy; then as he glanced at his form, that had been so admired for robust health, physical strength and wonderful celerity, and compared it with the past, a vague horror crept over him like a chill. He realized that youth and all its energies were gone, and that an old man's grave was not far on in the gathering gloom. Yet he dreaded to acknowledge the same to himself, and as a kind of self-assurance that he had a

long lien yet upon life, he secretly resolved to test the matter by engaging the savage in a hand-to-hand encounter. The idea seemed to amuse him, for a smile overspread his face. He winked at the unsuspecting warrior, then pushed up his sleeves, spat upon his hands, and was ready for the conflict.

The Indian moved along, growing less cautious as he advanced. He seemed under the impression that his presence was unknown to him who had fired the shot.

He carried a rifle, a tomahawk and a knife; and in size and physical development was Dan's superior. These facts became more apparent as the warrior approached, and the old ranger finally grew doubtful of his ability to cope with the red enemy. Before he had much time, however, to ponder over the matter, the red-skin was passing him; and, acting upon the impulse of the moment, he sprang out from his covert and seized the foe around the waist from behind.

"Avant, purgatorial! succumb!" he yelled at the top of his lungs; "yer in the grasp of a tornado!"

The red-skin dropped his rifle, while his form seemed to expand with inward power and fear. He made a lunge forward, and, like a monstrous eel, slipped from the warrior's grasp. He plunged forward, however, with such momentum, that he was pitched full length upon the earth, and partially stunned.

With a leap like that of a panther Dan landed upon his back, and drawing the red-skin's knife, threw it aside. The savage soon recovered from his shock, then began a hand-to-hand struggle in which all the strength and skill of the foe were called into play. Dan had no desire to slay the savage out of a natural thirst for Indian blood, but he wanted to vanquish him for reasons already mentioned. He had the advantage of the Indian from the start, and he knew it stood him in hand to hold it till the last, for he soon found that the warrior was a powerful man.

The fight began in the small undergrowth near the edge of the thicket, and as the ground, from this point, sloped gradually toward the plain, the force of the two foes naturally obeyed the laws of gravitation and in the struggle rolled out into the open ground. A few rods from the edge of the thicket there was a long, narrow depression in the earth, known in the parlance of the West as a "buffalo-wallow." This was filled with water, but a casual observer would never have known that such was the case unless he had stumbled into it. As there was no outlet the water was still. Aquatic plants had grown up in it, and spread their "dog-ear" leaves over the surface. Then the autumn winds had whirled the dry leaves from the grove and distributed them over the pool more than a foot deep. Thus the plants supported by the water, and the leaves by the plants, formed a layer, or covering, deceptive in its character. And right toward this hidden pool Dan and his antagonist rolled.

The old ranger knew nothing of its existence; the Indian may have known it, for his inclinations seemed to tend in that direction, with a view of drowning the terrible enemy that clung like a panther to his back.

Guided by the noise among the undergrowth, the rangers hurried toward the scene of conflict. They were satisfied, by the actions of Humility, the report of the gun, the half-suppressed yell they heard, that there were Indians about, and so moved with caution as well as dispatch.

They soon gained a point from where they were enabled to see their old friend in deadly combat with the savage. They were then struggling upon the very edge of the "buffalo-wallow," which the rangers mistrusted was full of water the moment they saw the depression; and, knowing the danger that would likely be added to Dan's already perilous situation, should they roll into the water, Tom and his friends were about to dash out to his rescue when they saw the tall grass on the opposite side of the pond slightly agitated, then a score of rifles, along which gleamed blazing, savage eyes, appeared in sight out of the grass. The weapons were pointed directly toward the rangers, who, seeing their danger, dodged back under cover of the thicket and threw themselves flat upon the earth. Then unslinging their rifles they prepared for battle, for this seemed inevitable now.

"I'm afraid our old friend has got himself into trouble!" exclaimed Captain Tom. "That grass over yonder is full of Indians, who will cover their friend engaged with Dan. At the same time, however, we can do likewise by the old ranger. So, boys, look out for a target and make every shot count one when you get a chance."

The rangers kept a sharp watch upon the opposite side of the pond, as well as upon the two struggling foes.

Suddenly a cry burst involuntarily from their lips.

Dakota Dan and his adversary had rolled into the pond, locked in each other's deadly embrace.

A yell burst from the savage's lips, and was answered by his friends on the opposite shore.

Dan uttered a yell of defiance, and was answered by a prolonged shout of encouragement from his young friends.

The savages poured a volley of shot across the pond into the thicket where the rangers lay. But they fired too high, while the smoke from their own guns told the whites where to direct their aim; and as their rifles rang out, the tufted heads of three or four ravens were seen to pop up at different points, while yells of agony told how fatal had been the rangers' volley.

Several volleys were now exchanged in rapid succession, and while our friends escaped unharm, they had no way or means by which to judge the loss of the enemy.

Considerable agitation, however, was manifested on both sides of the water. The muzzles of the red-skins' rifles were seen moving hither and thither, up and down above the giant grass; while our friends crept hastily to and fro along the margin of the thicket in order to keep the combatants in the water in view. The latter were now changing position so rapidly that it was almost impossible to keep track of them and watch the savages on the opposite shore.

At times Dan and his antagonist were both under the water and leaves, then upon their feet with their heads just visible. Leaves and water flew in a perfect shower around them. The Indian's long hair was drabbled and filled with mud and leaves. His nose was bleeding fearfully from a blow of Dan's fist, for this was the only weapon the old ranger had been able to use against his enemy. Dan was nearly stripped of his clothing. His long hair hung down over his eyes, and clung to his face like seaweed to a rock. Altogether, the two antagonists presented a sad and sorry plight, that under any other circumstances would have provoked their friends to laughter.

Signs of exhaustion were manifested by both, and still their movements were so rapid and uncertain that neither one's friends dare risk a shot in his behalf. They had floundered out into the center of the pond where the water

was deepest, and the advantage seemed to rest first with one, then the other. They would grapple with each other, and, sinking beneath the water, would fight until out of breath; then separate, rise to the surface and again close in deadly combat, only to go down again. Thus the struggle had lasted for several minutes, but it was plainly evident that they could not keep it up much longer; and finally they grappled and went down—down for the last time. The layer of leaves closed over the spot where they sunk; a few bubbles came to the surface; the bosom of the pool quivered. A minute—two minutes passed. Already the foe had been under the water beyond the limits of human endurance.

A horrible suspense took possession of the rangers, for the fate of Dakota Dan seemed forever sealed; and after fully five minutes had elapsed, and all hopes had vanished from their breasts, Darcy Cooper discovered an agitation of the leaves which covered the pond, that at once arrested their attention. They seemed to swell upward as though something possessed of life was swimming on the surface of the water under them; and, whatever it was, was moving toward the opposite shore.

"Boys, I solemnly believe," said Idaho Tom, when his attention had been drawn to the movement, "that it is the head of one of the combatants swimming under the leaves. Either Dan or the savage lives, and aware of the presence of enemies is trying to escape by stealing along in the water with his head concealed under that layer of plants and leaves."

"Then it must be the savage, for he is going toward the opposite shore," said Walton. "S'pose I try a shot at the spot where the leaves are bulging up?"

"No, no; it may be Dan, who, in confusion of mind, does not know whether he is going to the east or west shore. But, hold your guns in readiness to cover his escape, should it be the last, for he soon found that the warrior was a powerful man."

Scarcely had he finished speaking when his worst fears were realized: a savage sprang out of the water and endeavored to escape ashore. But, the muzzles of the rangers pealed out, and he fell riddled with bullets.

"There, they are both dead," said Idaho Tom, with a sadness in his tone. "Poor old Dan! he has followed his last trail—fought his last battle."

Humility, who was squatted near, seemed to have comprehended the young ranger's words, for he thrust his nose upward and sent forth a sad, plaintive and mournful cry.

CHAPTER XXI.

SUBROUNDED.

A SOLEMN hush fell upon the little band of rangers.

The wind whispered in hollow tones among the trees—a frog croaked on the margin of the hidden pool.

Again Humility sent forth a mournful, quivering howl, and was answered by the shrill whinny of old Patience out in the woods.

Now and then a savage rifle broke through the stillness and provoked a shot from the rangers.

"Boys," said Tom, sadly, "we must get out of this."

"Yes; I can see no need of remaining here now."

"Bruff! bruff!" barked Humility, softly, and all saw the dog, with lowered head, peeping across the water, through an opening in the undergrowth, while his tail was wagging in an eager, delighted way.

"What does the animal see, anyhow?" asked Tom, bending his own gaze in the same direction as the dog's; "ah! blessed sight! Look! look!"

He pointed toward the opposite shore of the pool, and, close under the grass-lined bank, all saw a human head protruding half above the layer of leaves, with the face turned toward them. A long finger was held up before it, significant of silence: it was the face of Dakota Dan!

A shout rose to the lips of the rangers, but Idaho Tom promptly suppressed it.

"Silence is golden, now, boys," he said; "one word significant of triumph might call the attention of the savages to the escape of our friend, and result in his death. See! the old dare-devil is creeping along under the overhanging fringe of grass, right into danger. If I dared to venture out, or call to him, I might apprise him of his proximity to the savages over there."

As if in answer to the question uppermost in their minds, old Dan stopped again, pointed ahead, held up a small jack-knife, made a circling sweep around his head, then resumed his silent advance along under the bank and grass.

The rangers scarcely breathed, so deep were their suspense and surprise over the provoking recklessness of the old borderman. Instead of improving the opportunity first offered for escape, he was rashly courting greater dangers. It is true, he was screened from the savage eyes on his side of the pool, but there was no telling what instant a shot from some other direction would end his eventful career.

He crept softly along close against the bank until further progress was disputed by the body of his late foe, which was hanging half over the bank, his head in the water. Reaching out, the old ranger clutched the warrior by the scalp-lock, described a circle around his head with the other hand quicker than a flash.

Then it was that the rangers saw what he had been after—the scalp of his enemy! But now, how was he to get away with it, without exposing himself to the guns of the enemy? This was the question that the rangers could not determine; but even while they were discussing it, they saw the man, who had crept on a few rods, disappear in a kind of cove or bay in the end of the pool.

Scarcely three minutes from that time, Dakota Dan made his appearance in the midst of his friends—the sorriest and most doleful-looking specimen of humanity the rangers had ever seen. Even Humility himself sniffed off, either in doubt as to who the man was, or else through fear that his master would repeat the cruel treatment of a few minutes previous when he lost a portion of his ear.

"Ha! ha! ha! Humility, old dog!" the ranger laughed, "don't you know me, purr? I am Dan Rackback, a part and parcel of the Triangle. Whitt, Humility! I thought you'd not go back on me, ole purr. Boys, wa'n't that a reglar fog-fight?"

"On a large scale—yes," answered Tom; "but we'd given you up as dead."

"I'd 'a' been dead afore this, but I managed to slip away from the red-skin while under the water. He war a monstrous strong Ingin, and then he war in the very dinner-time of life, while the super tea-pot with me's beginning to bile. I are a leetle shaky in the limbs, and my wind's not as strong as it used to was. I can't git up as lively a hurricane as I did once. Age is tellin' on me, and I tackled that red-skin on purpose to test my age in a physical sense. You can't alers judge one's age by his years. I think I'm good fur quite a spell yit, so fur as natural consequences are concerned; but then,

boys, I'm feelin' monstrous soggy in these 'ere duds what's left on me, and I must look arter a change, if it's only to take these off and go naked."

"We can furnish you a dry suit, Dan, from among our scanty wardrobes," said Idaho Tom. "I'm sure I'll be much obliged to you for 'em, cap'n; for I feel mortal oneasy in these 'ere damp rags."

Tom and Dan hastened to camp, the others remaining behind to watch the movements of the savages.

In a few minutes they returned, Dan trighted out in a suit made up from the rangers' wardrobes. He had also recovered his rifle and accoutrements where he had dropped them when he engaged the savage, and now he stood ready for any emergency.

There was no way by which our friends could estimate the enemy's force, consequently they knew not what danger menaced them. They knew, however, that the foe was not mounted, and while the way was open for escape, Dakota Dan advised an immediate departure from the grove, as there was no telling what trap the savages might spring upon them. So, hurrying back to camp, the rangers saddled their horses and rode westward out of the grove. As soon as they had reached the open plain, they turned north, and putting spur galloped away, leaving grove and savages behind.

Nothing more was seen of the enemy, and they rode on until they struck the banks of the Big Cheyenne river, when they halted to noon—resuming their journey after an hour's stop.

"I'm thinkin' we ort to strike Major Loomis' camp, afore long," Dan said, as the day wore on. "It may be that the red devils have scared him out, and he's turned back."

"It's rather singular that the troops hereabouts can't keep those renegade Indians on their reservation," said Idaho Tom, "so that the lives of unprotected and unsuspecting people will be safe."

"Wal, now, cap'n," replied Dan, "just turn it around and wonder why the troops can't keep reckless miners out of the Hills. It's six of one and half a dozen of 't'other."

"Yes, if we accept of it in that light; the miners, however, do not molest them when they intrude on Indian ground; but the Indians have to kill and murder when they get out from home."

"You can't much blame the ignorant, bloody boogers when we take into consideration the fact that white men—outlaws and robbers—are at the head of all deviltry."

"That's true, Dan," admitted Tom; "we've had some experience of late with Prairie Paul's band; in fact, we had a big fight with a pack of them. One of their number, one Kit Bandy, deserted the band and came away with us as far as the Powder river, and there we lost him in fording the stream. He was a queer man, and I regret very much that he was lost. I don't know whether he was drowned, or captured, or deserted us. At any rate, I hope we will meet with him again some day, for I took quite a liking to him."

"Tom, why are you so interested in Kit Bandy?" asked Darcy Cooper. "I noticed you took more than usual interest in him. Have you ever known him before?"

"Darcy, Kit Bandy holds within his breast that which may be more to me than all the wealth of the Black Hills."

The rangers were surprised by this answer, and Darcy would have questioned him further, but at this juncture Dan spoke.

"Some gal at the bottom of it," he said, "jist like as any way. But, boys, speakin' of a gal reminds me of the one that got away from us last night. I can hardly decide which is my honest duty—to go on till I find Loomis, or turn back and search for that girl, be she dead or alive."

"Dan," said Tom, "my conscience has been upbraidin' me all day for leaving that prairie without knowing something definite about that maiden; and I am ready this minute to turn back—"

"Rein up! rein up!—somethin' wrong with the dog!" exclaimed Dan. "What is it, Humility?"

The dog glided along through the grass with his nose to the earth as if following a trail; but he only went a short way and then came bounding back uneasily.

"Somethin's not right—Humility's struck a trail."

They were still in the Big Cheyenne bottom and about a mile from the stream. Half a mile to their left rose a range of tall bluffs, that continued on around in a curve to the river in front of them. The grass around was a species of slough-grass closely allied to swamp reeds. It was thick, almost, as it could stand, and in high, reached to the back of the tallest horse.

The place was an admirable one for an ambushade; and more than once during their conversation, Dan had observed the fact.

Dan dismounted to inquire more closely into his dog's uneasiness. He searched the ground closely, and to his surprise, discovered the imprint of hoofed feet in the soil. Before he could communicate the fact to his friends, however, the clear, sharp twang of a horn came leaping down from the northern bluffs.

The rangers started as though a torpedo had burst in their midst. They glanced across toward the bluff on their right, where they beheld a number of mounted Indians drawn up in a group, looking toward them. Idaho Tom took a small field-glass from among his effects, and scanned the party.

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TO COMMENCE IN THE NEXT ISSUE:

The beautiful and deeply absorbing story—

BLACK EYES AND BLUE;

OR,
The Peril of Beauty and the Power of Purity.

A TALE OF COUNTRY AND CITY.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

A novel of marked brilliancy and power of story and of most telling interest of person and incident.

The writer, with rare insight of woman's heart, evidently paints from living characters, and presents what is 'not all a dream.' The reader is held enthralled by a consciousness of the fact that underlies the whole singularly vivid story.

Two half-sisters, of strangely unlike moods, manners and ambitions, become equally strongly antagonized, and pursue paths that true women only tread with trembling; but, through all are led by fates they can not control to destinies that neither would have willingly sought.

A father is involved in the meshes of a wrong his own hand wrought, and we have the strange spectacle of his committing a double crime against his own blood to accomplish a half atonement for his sin.

The young men of city and country in the exciting drama, in which they become involved, betray the power of the honor and manhood which the city and country foster; and the young women of the two worlds (for city and country are two distinct forms of existence) are given the prominence of a character study which will arrest more than ordinary attention.

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As 'the proof of the plume is the pleasure,' so will the perusal of this beautiful and stirring romance of two girls' lives assure those who delight in the excitement of a pure and ennobling fiction that in Corinne Cushman they have an author whom they will give a ready and eager welcome.

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These books have now reached seventeen issues and contain a very large number of colloquies, dialogues, school and exhibition dramas, expressly written for the series by many of our finest writers. They are, unquestionably, the cheapest and best books of this kind ever offered to American schools, homes and societies.

Sunshine Papers.

What We Take Some of You For.

NO. II.
WHAT do we take you for—you men? I promised to tell you, did I not? Oh, yes; and I must redeem my promise. Oh, no; not any trouble, thank you. Indeed, it gives me unfounded satisfaction to impart the information and assure you that we take you for contemptible puppets—a great deal less than gentlemen! But, we are not speaking of all men, if you please.

We should feel ashamed, indeed, were we for the smallest mentionable portion of time compelled to contemplate the horrible possibility of any of our friends belonging to this class; though no pity for them, nor commiseration of self that we know such, should induce us to withhold our views. And again, there are many true men in the world who, mayhap, may cry, in contempt, that we know little of masculine character if we deem that there are enough of these creatures we stigmatize, to render so scathing a denunciation necessary. But to such critics we would answer that their opinion only increases our admiration of themselves—the honorable exceptions to the class we denounce—and increases our disgust toward those less than gentlemen, who—begging to differ with our friends who, themselves full of the innate knightliness of real manhood, cannot understand that half the world is either of less gentle breeding, or has turned traitor to the gallantry that should be an inborn part of its nature—make up quite too large a portion of the masculine element of society.

For, many youths and men there are, with handsome faces and manners like a chapter in etiquette, who yet are too far below the standard of gentlemanliness to know the meaning of reverence, or chivalry, or honor. And such men, we repeat, since we have said they

shall know how we regard them, we take for all, and more than is expressed by the epithet with which we have already described them. We are too harsh in our terms? Well, all womanhood, all manhood, yes, even you graceless male beings who see yourselves reflected in "what we take them for," shall be our judge. We do not fear the verdict concerning the verity of our characterization.

We have assured you that rarely will young ladies betray the tender and serious sentiments of their gentlemen friends. Unhappy young ladyism that it is far less able to assure itself that persons paying it court, persons desirous of claiming the title of gentlemen, are not in the least incapable of repeating its loving confidences!

Julie is wretched, merry, warm-hearted. Mason is fine in physique, handsome in face, pleasing in manners. He pays most lower-like attentions to Julie, and it is easy to see how sincerely the maiden cares for him.

It is not hard for a girl to learn to look with trusting affection and tender love upon a handsome and devoted suitor. Of course, it is the exact thing, theoretically, for her to be wholly innocent of any feeling but that which might animate a well-chiseled bust in marble until he duly and in quite the orthodox way, says, "Julie, I love you Will you be my wife?" But, equally, "of course" the heart of a young, warm-hearted girl is not mechanically and correctly governed by theories, and the probability is that she is quite conscious of love for him before he announces his "intentions."

Mason does all that he can to win Julie's love, and, no doubt, succeeds. He may mean to marry her. He affirms that he does, though this engagement is not yet announced. He calls her his pet his darling his sweet Julie his baby. And who does not know that all this sounds intensely sweet to Julie? And who cannot guess that in reward, Julie bestows gentle kisses, and lingers fondly near him, and has no need to be entreated to "Call me pet names, darling?" And, altogether, as you contemplate these lovers, your heart warms toward them. And though you may say, "silly things," you yet feel that this is the sweetest, tenderest experience that will come to their lives—these buds of love-blossoms garnered with the dew of early youth upon them, and wish the season might last longer for these two than it ever does for many.

But, how all the romance and illusion vanishes for you—how swiftly Julie's sweet love would turn to the rage and bitterness of outraged faith and tenderness—could she hear what he hears—when Mason pictures eloquently his own words and ways of wooing, and thrillingly describes Julie's clinging, caressing affection, for the edification of his male friends—creatures utterly lacking in fine feelings, or even gentlemanly culture or they would hold the name of woman in at least reverence enough to remember that it is synonymous with mother, and sister, and sweetheart, and punish the man who could so dishonor himself and outrage the girl who loved him, as to make the holiest affections of her heart a matter for description and jest.

You do not believe that such men exist? Why, you must have come straight from—heaven. Mason is a real person. The young men who laugh with him over Julie's gentle confidences are real persons. And there are plenty of them in the world—men who lack the highest element of manliness, that hold a woman's honor and confidence and love as sacred as religion, as costly as life, as high as heaven—young fellows who shamelessly glory in boasting of the kisses they have been granted, the loves they have won, the number of female acquaintances they can count, and take pleasure in repeating every item of conversation that ever a woman wastes upon them.

We only wish that those young men, so interested in combining mathematics and kisses, could read this article and be assured of what we take them for!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

HARDSHIPS.

How hard it must seem to return from some foreign land, where you have been toiling day and night, always looking forward to the time when your steps will be turned homeward, and find, upon landing on the shores that have been in your thoughts hourly, no hand to grasp your own in friendship, no voice to give you a welcome, to know you are in "your own, your native land," and yet all seem strangers to you.

Many pass you by without a look of recognition, and those who do pause for a moment to stare at you, engrossed in business, until you wake to the consciousness that no one cares whether you have returned or not, because no one has missed you.

Inanimate things seem changed as well; the alleys and lanes in which you played in youth have passed from remembrance now, and you see the extent of the city's growth. The magnificent buildings may be far handsomer, but they are not so beautiful to your eyes as the oldtime hedges and brambles were. These changes will no doubt bring tears to your eyes, for oftentimes these old landmarks appear like old friends, and we mourn for them because they are no more. They seem as though they were taken from our lives and as though our lives had been a part of them. Changes are not always improvements to us; we would more gladly see the old road covered with fallen leaves than paved with marble stones.

The wealth we have tried hard to reap seems useless to us when we find no loved one to share it with us, and we know that those for whom we have passed away from this life of care and toil, and that the grass has long grown green over their graves. All the visions that have visited your sleep, with their bright and brilliant scenes of visiting the home of your halcyon days, of being clasped in the arms of those near and dear to you, have vanished, and you wake to the stern reality that you are forgotten!

Forgotten! Ah, me! What a hard word that is to repeat! One of the saddest that can be found, embodying so much of sorrow and heart-sickness. The merriest have wept at it and it has brought grief to the happiest mind.

When we find, upon our return, that we are forgotten, we feel that it would have been better never to have come back—to have died far, far away in other lands, than to have come home and found no kindred spirit to care whether we live or die. That is being homeless in your own home. And though we may make new friends, form new ties, and gain a circle of new acquaintances, they will not seem like the old ones in the old times, and our actions will show it. We may not mean to treat the new ones less cordially than the old, but we really do so, and it is because our hearts grieve more over the dead friends we have lost than rejoice over the new ones that we have found.

Perhaps you'll think I am in a sentimental mood, and that I've either had a reproach to my

egotism or been blighted in my love. Neither of those direful calamities has overtaken me, but sometimes it is as well for us to show our sympathies for those who do have real hardships and not to make light of their troubles, and it is just here that I must let my pen say for me what I've been wanting it to do ever since I put it to the paper, and that is this: I think we look up our hearts too much against the strangers who touch our shores and dwell among us. We do not enter into their feelings enough. We have no kindly words for the wanderers who come back to us. We pass them by with closed eyes and hearts. We are too much engrossed in self to give thought to others. We laugh at those who are homesick, or who pine because their places have been supplied by others, and sneer at those who go into ecstasies over the words, "my fatherland," "so sweet in an exile's ear," so said in an exile's mouth."

Come out of yourselves, my good friends; live less like mummies and more like human beings; welcome the wanderer and the exile, and make their hard lots lighter. You can do so if you will, and why will you not? Is it because you have no hearts? If your hearts seem frozen because one has treated you ill, let them thaw with the warm love for others who have treated you well. If we will all do this, the list of hardships in this world will rapidly decrease.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

Concerning Love.

LOVE is one of the most cultivated of the fine arts.

A man who is good at manufacturing love isn't fit for a great deal of anything else. He seizes upon the heart with a pair of ice-boots, and is very likely to hold on till sundown.

Love don't amount to very much unless there is a woman in the case; it don't balance.

No love is considered by delicately-organized young men to be the very worst kind of love.

Soft hearts and soft heads most predominate in the early spring months. As the poet sings:

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly takes to thoughts of—Nancy!"

It is about as easy a thing to be in love as it is to be in debt, and about as sure.

Love is not of earth, but I have known a quarter-section of land to have a good deal to do with it, notwithstanding.

When a persistent lover asks for a return of his love and gets it, along with his letters, he feels more than satisfied.

Love causes a great many sighs; the larger the love the larger the size.

When a young man gets into love it is very difficult for him to get into anything else, and as an employment it is said not to pay.

I have failed to see yet that accumulated pelf ever had a deteriorating influence on love. One of the most straining things on the nerves is to love two young ladies at once and keep an even average.

It has frequently come to my notice that love very often ends in marriage—and with it.

Love is the juggernaut before which men prostrate themselves to be run over and crushed, and then they stand up and think whether they shall take to the jug or not.

The course of true love where it has got to run over the old man with a shot-gun never does run smooth.

When a man is sick with love the only thing that will cure it he will find is marriage; that is dead-shot. It is two hearts with but a single thought and afterward two fists that beat as one.

Love is an article of commerce, and a young man is never satisfied until he can trade his off for another, and he uses all the tricks of the trade.

It is said that absence conquers love, but I have seen cases where it made one person think a good deal more of another.

It is more like a disease than anything I can think of, and like the measles is very catching. I have seen men in such a bad state of love they would have given a good deal for an antidote.

A pure article of it is very valuable, but there is very little of it in the market.

When you give your love to a young lady, and to keep it circulating, she gives hers to another, about how much does your heart weigh on a pair of hay-scales?

Vows of love generally take in all the territory between here and death, whether they occupy it or not.

When young ladies receive their lovers who have pocketfuls of love and confectionery, they are not to be blamed if they think it is a sweet thing, speaking candied-ly.

Fishing for love is a good deal like fishing for codfish; when they win it they hang it up to dry.

Love at short sight is not apt to turn out the best by a long sight.

Cupid is represented as a small boy, which is the reason that love makes even old folks as foolish as little children.

When you see a couple leaning over the gate at night you can rest assured that love is sitting on the fence somewhere in the neighborhood, with his fingers gyrating at his nose.

True love is always deserving of good fortune, and a good fortune is what it is principally after.

Love is a pretty wide pit to fall into, and a young man who stumbles and falls into it is deserving of much pity.

Love is said to be about the only antidote for good victuals known.

When a young man is pining away for love he ought to get out of the pinery.

Yours in love,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THE FLOWER OF HESPERUS.—The most unaccountable flower is perhaps the night-blooming jasmine. You see a simple tree-like plant, with a plain style of leaf, at the base of which grows a spray of yellowish green tubes, like lilac buds, suggesting more than anything else, a string of small candles. You look at them in the middle of the day, and they are "only that and nothing more;" and you might, if you did not know their ways, forget all about them; but when evening comes, forgetting is impossible. The room is full of fragrance, rich as orange flowers, and almost as subtle as violets; and let your candles be all lighted; and from somewhere about them comes that perfume which is so delicious and mysterious as to its source. The next morning, they begin to contract; by noon, the five points are all close packed, and there is no scent to them or about them at all till night comes on again; and so they continue, scentless through daylight, but of exquisite sweetness when darkness appears.

Topics of the Time.

Sixteen hundred young women in Cleveland are pledged not to associate with men of tipping habits. Other cities have large numbers of women who have made the same vow. Good girls—if they only will stick to their pledge! But, oh, so many marry men to reform them, only to find too late their terrible mistake. Marty no man who wants reforming.

In France, particularly in all the large cities, the women in nearly all classes take particular pains with their hands, so much so that they go regularly to what is called a *manicure*—that is a person who makes the care of hands a specialty. In this country our women are more concerned about their feet than their hands. They wear a No. 3 boot on a No. 5 foot, and when they walk like pigeons on ice they call it "fashionable."

The great brewers and distillers of Ireland are very liberal, especially where church edifices are concerned. The late Sir B. Guinness led off with £150,000 for St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin; Mr. Roe, a distiller, followed with the restoration of the Protestant cathedral in Dublin; and now in Cork Mr. Wise, a distiller, has given £20,000, and Mr. Crawford, a brewer, £10,000, to restore the Protestant cathedral in that diocese. Having done, in life, all that was possible for the devil and his interesting work, they make atonement by giving the church a mortgage.

Malleable iron is made by decarbonizing castings. The castings are exposed to a high and prolonged heat in a special furnace, and in intimate contact with per-oxide of iron, the best form of which is found to be forge scale. The chemical reaction which follows is a combustion of the carbon in the iron with the oxygen of the scale. It is therefore important that the liberated oxygen be well confined and free from atmospheric air. Cast iron cylinders, with clay inter-layers, are employed for packing the castings in alternate layers with the scale, and the whole is kept at a high heat for about a week. They are then allowed to cool slowly, and taken out malleable. Cast steel is made by melting in covered crucibles pieces of blistered steel. The metal is then poured into iron moulds, and when cool the ingot is reheated and reduced to a bar by rolling or hammering.

At the Centennial Exposition, a curious work of art is exhibited, consisting of an architectural plan of the City of Mexico, measuring 330 feet by 221. The reproduction of the peculiarities of the city, even to the color of the houses, the signs on business houses, and the number of doors, windows, and balconies on each street, is said to be exceedingly minute and faithful. Sixty thousand miniature women in various costumes, and nearly four thousand coaches and other vehicles shown in the streets, as well as such buildings as the cathedral, the principal churches, the mint, the national library, etc.

In the beginning of the revolution a variety of flags were displayed in the revolted colonies. The "Union flag" mentioned so frequently in the old English red ensigns bearing the Union Jack. These generally bore some patriotic motto, such as "Liberty," "Liberty and Property," "Liberty and Union," etc. After the battle of Lexington the Connecticut troops displayed on their standards the arms of the colony, with the motto: "Qui Transiit Sustinet," and later by the act of the Provincial Congress, the regulations were distinguished by the color of their flags—as for the Seventh, blue, or for the Eighth, orange, etc. The early armed ships of New York are said to have displayed a beaver, the device of the seal of New Netherland, on their ensigns. It is uncertain what flag, if any, were used by the Americans at Bunker Hill. The first flag ordered by Congress after the Declaration of Independence was by resolution of June 14th, 1777, "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." This is the first recorded legislative action for the adoption of the national flag. This flag remained unchanged until 1794, when, on motion of Senator Bradley, of Vermont, which was resolved that from and after May 1, 1795, "the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes alternate red and white; that the Union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." The present flag was designed by Capt. Samuel C. Reid, and has been in use since July 4, 1817.

There is a philosophy in ladies' hats. Perhaps they are not classed as easily as those worn by the men, but the general law is applicable. The cap of the widow says, "I am free." She is no longer under the law because in the apostle's interpretation of law, he died, else why the widow's cap? A small hat is an emblem of gaiety or liberty. She can see with the corners of her eyes, but the general law is applicable. The cap of the widow says, "I am free." She is no longer under the law because in the apostle's interpretation of law, he died, else why the widow's cap? A small hat is an emblem of gaiety or liberty. She can see with the corners of her eyes, but the general law is applicable. The cap of the widow says, "I am free." She is no longer under the law because in the apostle's interpretation of law, he died, else why the widow's cap? A small hat is an emblem of gaiety or liberty. She can see with the corners of her eyes, but the general law is applicable. 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She can see with the corners of her eyes, but the general law

NO CARDS.

BY SAMUEL WARD.

Let me wed thee where I woo thee,
In this mossy, fairy glade,
Where, on shady branches, o'er the
Ring-doves are their nest be made.

Do not think my soul would falter
To proclaim thy heart my prize;
But a crowd before an altar
Minds me of a sacrifice.

Where no Dian moved to pity
Swift bears off the doomed maid,
As when in the Aulis city
Calchas dropped his balled blade.

Let the hermit's enow tell
Soft his beads in yonder hut,
Breathe the prayer thy fears dispelling,
Tie the knot man shall not cut.

Let no vain misgivings daunt thee;
Freely, bravely, plight thy troth,
Will not have, should worldlings taunt thee,
My sword and you Friar's oath?

The Men of '76.

JEFFERSON,

The Pen of the Revolution.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

If Washington was the sword of the Revolution, Jefferson was its pen. His hand drafted the immortal Declaration of Independence, but long before that magnificent protest, plea and proclamation was penned, his busy brain and tireless hand were giving shape and words to the principles of liberty. He was one of the few who by *inspiring* the people on the rights of man, and by showing them the enormity of the powers claimed by crown and parliament, brought the public up to that point of resistance where revolution, with all its perils, was a necessity. What the Adams' were to Massachusetts were Henry and Jefferson to Virginia—four great hearts and daring spirits whose eloquence aroused and whose wisdom led their countrymen to the arbitrament of the sword.

The revolutionary era seemed to find heroes ready formed for the strife. If George III. found his court and councils crowded with men of splendid genius, here, in the very wilds of America, reposed a race so grand in mind and brave of soul that British courtiers and statesmen applauded and admired even while they condemned. In Virginia were Peyton Randolph, Edmund Pendleton, Richard Henry Lee, George Mason, James Madison, Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Edmund Randolph, Benjamin Harrison, George Wyeth—to say nothing of Bland, the Nicholas brothers, Page, Nelson, Cary and Arthur Lee. In Massachusetts were the Adams', Otis, Gerry, Ames, Cushing, Hancock, Robert Treat Paine, Bowdoin, Josiah Quincy—a brotherhood such as the world may never see again.

Thomas Jefferson was born at Shadwell, Albemarle county, Virginia, April 24, 1743, (O. S.)—the third of the eight children of Peter Jefferson and Jane Randolph. Peter was a man fit for the heroic age—stalwart, brave, generous and honest; Jane was a woman of refinement, lovable, and most devoted of wives and mothers. Shadwell was in a highly romantic region, on the very borders of settlements. The boy, therefore, grew up under auspices favorable to bodily development and a sound mental growth. While loving the woods and all athletic sports, he was yet thoughtful, studious and methodic. At fourteen, when his father died, he was, in deference to his father's expressed wishes, started in a course of classical education under the best of private tutors. At seventeen he went to William and Mary College, at Williamsburg, Va., and after two years there, took his place as law student in the office of the eminent and excellent George Wyeth.

Jefferson, at that early age, probably was the most learned young man in America. His quick mind and studious habits had accomplished wonders, and when we add that, during his five years of law study, he continued his pursuit of scholastic acquirements, we give the main secret of his early ascendancy in public life. At twenty-four he was six feet, two inches in height, of strong frame, a dashing rider, a champion in many games, a beautiful dancer, a skillful violinist, with reddish-chestnut hair, hazel-gray eyes, rather square face, graceful manners, a joyous temper, and an art of conversation exceedingly sweet and winning—altogether a man of note.

And yet, with all these adjuncts of popularity—with the wealth of a splendid property at his disposal, and surrounded by a society that was terribly reckless in its dissipation and excitements, he rarely swerved from his routine of daily duty. "He placed a clock in his bedroom," says Randall, "and as soon as he could distinguish its hands, in the gray of the summer morning, he arose and commenced his labors. In winter he rose punctually at five. His hour of retiring in the summer, in the country, was nine—in the winter at ten. He usually took a gallop on horseback during the day, and at twilight walked to the top of Monticello. An hour or two given to the society of his family, and the favorite violin, completed the list of interruptions and still left fourteen or fifteen hours for study and reading."

This was the life at Shadwell. In gay Williamsburg, then the capital, it was equally studious but more broken into by sports and social routs which were inseparable from society, at that time; and, if we may believe John Estlin Cooke, Jefferson was, at times, as gay and rollicksome as the most festive.

It was in 1765 (May 24) that Patrick Henry introduced to the Virginia House of Burgesses his five celebrated resolutions—the last of which declared that the colony was not bound to yield obedience to any law imposing taxes except such as the General Assembly should pass; and, in defense of this bold avowal of colonial independence, he made the speech which rendered him immortal. That speech Jefferson heard and indorsed; and from that time he was an ardent and pronounced "man of the people"—thus arraying against himself many of the aristocratic class (of which he was one by birth and property) who, while believing in colonial rights, were yet loyal to the crown and regarded open resistance to the mandates of parliament as treason.

In 1769 Jefferson was sent by his county to the House of Burgesses, of which he remained a member until the assembling of the second Continental Congress (May, 1775). He was elected a delegate to Congress by the Convention in which he had also been a leader of the aggressive or resistants, and had prepared several of their most powerful papers. Hence he went to Philadelphia, young as he was in years, with a commanding reputation. His wonderful activity and influence in the House of Burgesses and the Convention had stamped him for leadership. His "Summary Views," in 1774, which had alarmed George III. and his ministers but had astonished and charmed the leading minds, pointed out its author as the

proper man to pen the Declaration of Independence ordered by the American Congress, after the momentous debate on Richard Henry Lee's resolution of June 8th. Jefferson had been in his seat but a few days when he was placed on the committee to draft the Declaration—composed of Jefferson, John Adams, Franklin, Roger Sherman and Robert R. Livingston.

When the committee met Jefferson was requested to make a draft of the proposed paper. This he did, but submitted his work to Adams and Franklin for their suggestion, prior to laying it formally before the committee. Both Adams and Franklin made verbal changes, which but slightly modified the original, and the great instrument was then placed in the hands of the committee, and, June 28th, was reported to Congress. Congress (July 1st) then resumed the deferred consideration of the Lee resolution, on which a vote was reached the same day—nine colonies for two against it (South Carolina and Pennsylvania), one (Delaware) divided and one (New York) not voting in consequence of the delegates being hampered with "instructions" twelve months old. As unanimity was desired, Rutledge, of South Carolina, moved to postpone further consideration to the next day (July 2d). The matter was then further considered, when South Carolina voted ay, and a new man coming post haste from Delaware changed its vote to ay. Seeing the drift of the current, and owing to Franklin's great influence, Pennsylvania changed her vote. As New York had been, under the circumstances, excused from voting, this made the vote, by colonies, unanimous.

Then the Declaration reported for the committee, by Mr. Jefferson, was called up (July 2d) and considered in Committee of the Whole. A heated debate followed, in which John Adams towered up, as Jefferson said, like a Colossus. His eloquence was transcendent, his energy resistless, his tenacity for no change in the *forma* of the instrument saved it from timid interpolations; and when the fight was over and the battle won, "Glorious John Adams" had consumed the great work of his life. Many amendments, as was to have been expected, were proposed, but only two of any importance were carried—that censuring the people of England, and that condemning the slave-trade—which South Carolina and Georgia objected to as a blow at their rights and prosperity. On the evening of July 4th the Declaration, as amended, was reported back from the Committee of the Whole and agreed to—every member then present signing it, save Dickinson, of Pennsylvania. Two other members from that State withdrew, to prevent being called upon to sign, and one from New Hampshire, for some reason, was omitted, but was appended later. The New York delegates, acting under new instructions from the State Convention, signed on the 15th, and the three Pennsylvania delegates named were dropped, on the 20th, by the State Convention, and more patriotic men given their places, so that all delegates from that State were signers. The copy of the Declaration, made on parchment, and now exhibited in the Department of State, was re-signed by all whose names were appended to the Congressional or Proceedings draft. What became of that original draft, with all its signatures, is not now known.

Jefferson, we are told, did not participate in the debate over his work. He was not a speaker. He was a most winning and persuasive conversationalist; his *talk* was beautiful in forms of speech; his ideas clear-cut and logically stated; yet he never, in all his life, made a "speech." His power lay in his mind rather than in his tongue. The pen was his tongue; when it spoke the world listened and admired. Old Ben Franklin had no talent for speech, yet what wit and wisdom were in his leonine head—what power in his pen!

The reception of the Declaration by the people was significantly decisive of the temper of the public mind. It ran like an electric shock through the very fiber of the popular mind. All Philadelphia was deeply and intensely stirred over the great events going on in the old State House, with closed doors. The multitude gathered and surged without, and when John Adams' magnificent voice pealed out, through the open windows, on the air, the hushed multitude drank in his every word; and when his voice had ceased the spell was followed by an angry roar that re-echoed "Liberty or death!" There was little business during the days when the debate was on—little sleep through the nights spent in canvassing the news which sifted out from members' lips in spite of the seal of secrecy. And when at last the State House bell—the dear old Liberty Bell—beat and clanged overhead, the shout went up, "It is done; we are free!" and then the news flew, by express, north and south, until, before a week, all the colonies were afire with the ardor of a patriotism whose intensity the people themselves never knew until the Declaration of Independence unsealed their lips.

Having devoted so much space to Jefferson's early life, habits, tastes and work, we can but indicate the succeeding labors which were literally forced upon him by his capacity, his popularity and his devotion to liberty.

He was returned by the Virginia Convention, to the third Congress, but soon resigned to enter into the work of reconstruction of his native State. He took his seat in the Virginia House of Burgesses Oct. 7th, 1776, and for three years devoted his time, energies and best talent to giving the State new laws, a new constitution, and to meeting the severe emergencies of the war. His correspondence with the leading men in and out of Congress was immense. Everywhere his influence seemed to penetrate, and great as were other Virginians in the extent of their influence, Jefferson was felt to be the peer of them all. In 1779 he was made Governor of the State, and served for two years—a most trying, perilous and exciting service.

War on the border with the savages—war on the seaboard and in the settled districts—sedition and disloyalty all around—deep dejection over the prolonged struggle for independence—hunted and chased by the victorious enemy—his own estate invaded and despoiled—badgered by friends and maligned by foes—with exhausted exchequer, depleted resources, and thinned quota in the armies—it indeed needed all his strength of mind and body to steady the State through the storm. Resigning, he retired wholly from the public service—refusing even to act as one of the four plenipotentiaries of the United States to the proposed Peace Congress at Vienna. His wife's delicate health, his own need of repose, and his disgust over his treatment by the Legislature which "investigated" his conduct in office—all impelled him to return to Monticello. There he tarried for many months, and among other interesting literary work, composed his well-known "Notes on Virginia." His wife died Sept. 6th, 1782. It was a terrible loss to him, for husband and wife

* Richard Henry Lee, the mover of the resolution for independence, was not on the committee. The committee received the most votes, evidently because John Adams and other leading resistants deemed him the man for the work—an opinion which Mr. Lee himself doubtless entertained.

had been inexpressibly dear to one another. In November Jefferson was again appointed plenipotentiary to negotiate for the peace Great Britain now solicited. This office he accepted, but, the provisional treaty of peace having been made, he was spared the ocean voyage, and returned to Monticello. He served in the Congress of 1783-4, in which he had the pleasure and the honor of reporting to Congress the final treaty, which assured the independence of the United States of America. His labors in Congress were very important, among which should be mentioned our present decimal system of coinage—of which he was the author. In 1784 he was named a Minister Plenipotentiary to negotiate treaties with foreign nations. In 1785 he succeeded Dr. Franklin as Minister to France, and served in that capacity until 1789—through the turbulent scenes of the French Revolution, which his advice certainly did much to develop and direct. He returned in 1789 to take his place in Washington's Cabinet as Secretary of State, and in that capacity organized our State office and determined its design relations to the state of the other foreign relations. His first report on the state of the other foreign relations was regarded as one of the ablest papers that ever issued from any Cabinet office. His differences with Hamilton (with whom Washington seemed to side) induced Jefferson to retire from the Cabinet, Dec. 1793. Out of these differences sprang the Republican (since Democratic) and Federalist (afterward Whig) parties—Jefferson being literally the father of the first-named. He was vice-President of the United States under Adams, and succeeded to the Presidency in 1801, with Aaron Burr for vice-President, to be re-elected in 1805. He retired to Monticello in 1809, and thereafter devoted himself to literary work and to several schemes of public importance, among which was the founding of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, near Monticello. He lived to the good age of eighty-three years, dying in the year 1826, on the Anniversary of our Independence, July 4th—the day of all others he would have chosen for his last. On the same day died the more venerable John Adams, and thus two noble Fathers of the Republic drifted off into eternity together.

Without a Heart:
OR,
WALKING ON THE BRINK.

A STORY OF LIFE'S SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

AUTHOR OF "GIVEN FOR GOLD," "THE FLYING YANKEE," "THE MEXICAN SPY,"
"TRACKED THROUGH LIFE."

CHAPTER XXVI.

FACE TO FACE.

A MONTH rolled by after the night of the masquerade, and still the sad affair was a topic of general conversation, excepting at Wildside, for Eve had seemed to feel so deeply the death of Paul Laurelot, that her friends seldom mentioned his name in her presence.

One evening, as she was seated alone in the arbor on the pier, reading and thinking alternately, she saw a large sail-boat rapidly approaching the shore.

It contained two persons—one pacing the deck, the other seated at the helm. The boat was jib and main-sail-rigged, and with all sail set was coming along at a lively pace, and in watching its progress Eve forgot her book.

It could not be Captain Lambert, for of late he had been cruising almost constantly after smugglers, and had only sailed the day before in the Eaglet, in chase of a suspicious sail that appeared in the offing, and then, as if discovering the cutter, had stood rapidly seaward.

"Besides," she murmured, "that is not his boat; it is too large and—Ha! it is he! At last he has come!"

Another closer glance upon the approaching boat and Eve Erskine saw that she was right—a negro sat at the helm—Clinton Clarendon was pacing the deck, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes cast down, as though in deep meditation.

A few moments more and the sable helmsman skillfully rounded to and brought his boat alongside the pier, upon which Clinton Clarendon skillfully sprang, while he called out:

"Stand off and on, Buck, until I hail you."

"Yis, massa, I'll be on hand," replied the helmsman, as his boat glided by without checking his progress, while he at the same time docketed his tarpaulin to Eve, for he had not forgotten the liberal fee she had bestowed upon him when he brought her little row-boat home.

Turning to Eve, Clinton Clarendon raised his hat, and said, politely:

"At last I have done myself the pleasure of accepting your kind invitation to call, Miss Erskine."

Eve gazed fixedly upon him, and though bitterness welled up into her breast, and a cruel light came into her eyes, she felt that she had never seen a more handsome man, and one, had he been different than he was, more capable of winning a woman's love—and holding it.

A moment she hesitated ere she replied, and then asked, quietly, but in a cold tone:

"Why have you not been here before, Claude?"

"Hold! that is a name that is not pleasant on the lips of Eve Anslie," quickly said the man, while his face became a shade paler.

"The name of Eve Anslie is also buried, as well as that of Eve Clinton—which, did I so desire, I could claim legally," sneered the woman.

"Where are your proofs that you have a right to that name?" asked Clinton Clarendon, while his face became ashen in hue, at the memories that swept over his soul.

"I ask for no proofs; you and I were legally bound together in the house of God, and as my husband I loved you—until you deserted me cruelly!"

"Hold! hear me, Eve—I fled for my life, for I believed that I had killed Mark Leslie; then I had no time for thought else than flight, and when at last I sent for you I found you had gone, none knew whither."

"Failing to find you, I sought the Far West, and accident made me of service to one who, in dying, left me his fortune, on condition that I took his name."

"Gladly I did so, for under my own name I have been hunted down, with the cry of murderer in my ears, and my father had disinherited me."

"Sorrowing for you, my dearly loved wife."

"Hold, sir! Breathe not that sacred name to me. To you, as well as to others, my name is Miss Erskine."

The man seemed more hurt than offended, and resumed, in a saddened tone:

* Jefferson, like Washington, married a widow. He wedded Mrs. Martha Skilton, a daughter of John Wayles. She was a truly admirable woman—well worthy of his proud devotion to her. By her he had six children—two of whom survived to age—Martha and Mary.

"Sorrowing for you; a disheartened man, I came to this quiet country and purchased a small plantation home, and there I have lived ever since."

"Imagine then my joy, my astonishment, at suddenly finding you, Eve; but your manner, your new name, made me feel that you would remain unknown to me, and I crushed back the cry of delight that had sprung to my lips—for I felt that in your own good time you would make all known to me."

"And you have awaited weeks to find out," said Eve, in a mock kindly tone, and as though touched by the earnest manner of the man before her.

"Important business called me away, Eve, and I was compelled to go—otherwise I should have been here long before this: but to your party I could not come, as I did not care to meet you when surrounded by strangers. I will be always to you what I now am—"

"And that is, Eve—"

"Miss Erskine—the daughter of Colonel Erskine, of Wildside," and the woman spoke with a degree of pride and pleasure which she felt would amuse the man.

Biting his lips, her companion replied:

"How is it I find you Miss Erskine, Eve?"

"You deserted me, and I had kind friends who cared for me until I found in Colonel Erskine a father."

"The deuce! then it is really true! I remember you never knew who was your father. Why, Colonel Erskine is worth his millions, and has but one son—"

"True, my brother Clarence: both Colonel Erskine and his son are rich, and well able to protect their daughter and sister," and Eve spoke with a malicious twinkle in her beautiful eyes.

"Eve, a husband has a closer claim than either father or brother, especially where they hold their relationship only in name."

"I acknowledge no right for you to call yourself my husband. You deserted me, and left me to go to my ruin, did I so desire, and I annul any bond that bound us together as man and wife."

"Your doing so does not make it so, Eve; you are my wife, and as such I intend to claim you."

"Hold, Claude Clinton! Let us understand each other. That we are man and wife, granted; but that it must remain a secret, I avow, for I will not have my plans for the future thwarted by you."

"As long as you remain here, I will keep the secret; but if you attempt, as rumor has it, to marry Captain Lambert, I will publish you to the world as my lawfully-wedded wife," and the man spoke in deadly earnest.

"Ha! ha! ha! I defy you, Claude Clinton, for, if you betray me, there shall a vengeance fall upon you of which you little dream."

"I have the power, so beware! Here comes my father; walk with me to meet him, and I swear it, be careful, or you shall know that if I fail, you shall meet a more deadly punishment. Father, this is Mr. Clarendon," and with one of her sweetest smiles, and a face upon which there was not the shadow of trouble, Eve presented her visitor to Colonel Erskine, who welcomed him most cordially to Wildside.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ASSASSIN.

EVE ERSKINE sat alone in her boudoir, attired in a loose wrapper, for she had retired to her room for the night.

Though near midnight, she was unable to sleep, for two hours before Clinton Clarendon had departed, after having remained to spend the evening, at the earnest request of Colonel Erskine, who seemed to like the young man exceedingly.

Between Clinton Clarendon and herself no more had passed upon the subject of their conversation upon the pier, and Eve had seen him depart pleasantly, promising to call again upon his return from the city, twenty leagues down the coast, and whither he was then bound in his little yacht.

She had watched his white sail glimmering in the moonlight, until skurrying storm-clouds had swept up from the eastward, and then bidding her adopted father good-night, she had retired to sleep.

Too nervous to sleep, she had thrown on a loose gown, and seated herself at the window, putting out the light, and musing alone in the darkness, for ever and anon the moon was obscured by clouds, foretelling a storm.

Thus the moments swept into hours, and fatigue stole over her, until her head drooped upon her hands and she was asleep.

Suddenly she started, for there broke on her ear the sound of music rising on the night air.

Collecting her thoughts from wandering in dream-land, Eve listened, and from beneath her window came the low, soft notes of a guitar, evidently touched by a master hand.

Then a fine tenor voice floated upon the air, and Eve caught the words:

"I know not why I love thee,
Thou dost not think of mine;
But still my thoughts will wander
Forever back to thee."

"And though thou'st ne'er didst love me,
Why dost thou spirit wing,
Thill hover round thy pathway
A fond, though viewless thing."

"And in that better world, love,
In Heaven's celestial clime,
And seraphic million
My spirit shall seek thine."

It was a ballad that Eve had always loved, and glancing cautiously forth from the window, to catch sight of the midnight serenader, Eve saw, indistinctly, a tall form gracefully leaning against the balustrade of the balcony beneath, his hands holding a guitar, his face raised in song.

Then from the shadow of the shrubbery darted a cloaked figure toward the serenader, and, as the words of the last verse were sung:

"Amid seraphic millions
My spirit shall seek thine."

the arm of the cloaked form was raised, a gleam of moonlight glittered on something held in the clenched hand, and Eve gave one loud cry of alarm.

But too late! The blow descended with telling force; the gleaming blade sunk deep into the back of the singer, who fell heavily to the ground.

"Good God! Quick! oh, quick! He has killed him!" cried Eve, in wild terror, and as the cloaked form turned and fled back into the shadow of the shrubbery, she fell to the floor in a swoon, almost like death.

The wild cry of Eve rung loudly through the house, awaking Colonel Erskine and several servants, who rushed in alarm toward the maiden's room.

Entering it, with a dread at his heart, Colonel Erskine beheld Eve, and raising her from the floor, laid her upon the bed, while he dispatched a messenger for Dr. Mayhew, who resided two miles distant from Wildside.

Seeing that Eve was in a deep swoon, the colonel, aided by his frightened maid, attempted to restore her to consciousness; but ere she recovered, Dr. Mayhew entered the room.

With his assistance the maiden slowly returned to consciousness, and glancing wildly around, cried, in thrilling tones:

"Did you capture the murderer?"

"Poor girl! she has received a fright that has made her delirious," said Colonel Erskine.

"No, I am not delirious; I am as sane as ever I was in my life."

"I saw Burt Lambert struck down by an assassin, beneath my window—quick! or the murderer will escape—oh! father, let him not escape!"

Springing from the bed, in spite of resistance, Eve ran to the window and glanced out.

There was visible a dark form lying upon the ground beneath.

Colonel Erskine, Dr. Mayhew, and the servants, all saw now what had given poor Eve such a fright, and quickly descending to the door, they rushed out and raised the form from the ground.

It was Captain Burt Lambert, and he was dead.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ACCUSED AT THE GRAVE.

FOR the second time a gloom fell upon grand old Wildside, and its portals were crossed by Death's ruthless steps.

Swiftly through the neighborhood flew the news of Burt Lambert's assassination, and many and vague were the theories of its cause.

Then the belief gained ground that, after all, Paul Laurelot had fallen a victim to a hatred felt for the young naval officer, and again were untiring efforts made to capture the bold assassin.

Toward poor Eve every heart went forth in sympathy, for it was believed that she was really engaged to the young sea captain, and as he was a general favorite, many were wont to say that it would be a most appropriate alliance, for young and old, rich and poor, men and women, all loved Eve Erskine.

At the request of Eve, arrangements were made to bury poor Burt in the family burying-ground of Wildside, and accordingly his step-brother, Howard Moulton, assented.

He, poor fellow, seemed most deeply to feel the sudden death of his commander, brother and friend, and on reaching the mansion, entered the room where the body lay, and with nervous step and meditative mood slowly paced to and fro, only pausing now and then in his quarter-deck walk, to address a response to some one who spoke to him.

"Lieutenant Moulton, are you aware that your brother feared that his life would end in some such sudden manner as it has?" and Eve stood in front of the sailor, her eyes red from weeping.

"Yes, Burt has often had a presentiment of the death he has met. Miss Erskine, I would give ten years of my life to know who has done this foul crime."

"Can you remember no enemy of his past life—one who may have tracked him to his death?"

"None. I know of no enemy that Burt Lambert ever had."

Eve asked no more, but left the room to prepare for the funeral, which was to take place that afternoon—the third day since the fatal night of the assassination.

Gradually the halls and parlors of Wildside were filled with a vast concourse of sorrowing friends, and through the mansion echoed the sound of the minister's voice, reading the service of the dead.

At length the casket was closed, shutting out forever the sight of the handsome face, white and calm, and the elegant form, clad in full uniform.

Then toward the distant burying-ground the column moved, the casket borne by the officers of the Eaglet, while behind followed half a hundred of seamen and marines.

The grave was reached, yawning to receive its human prey; a few words followed, a volley of musketry, and the hollow crush of the clouds upon the coffin—a sound never forgotten—was heard, and Captain Burt Lambert, the gallant commander of the Eaglet, was left to his everlasting sleep.

Then, gradually, the crowd departed, leaving Colonel Erskine, Eve, the officers and crew of the Eaglet, and a few remaining friends.

At the head of the grave stood Howard Moulton, sadly gazing upon the newly-made mound; his face pale, his lips sternly set.

Then a man approached him, a stout man, with stern, cunning face, and said:

"Your name is Howard Moulton, is it not, sir?"

"It is, sir; what would you have?"

"I am very sorry, Lieutenant Moulton; but I must obey orders, sir, and I am commanded to arrest you."

"Arrest me! and why, sir?" and Howard Moulton stepped back, his hand upon his sword-hilt, his eyes flashing fire, while his officers and men stepped forward, as if to resist an insult to their commander, whom they really liked exceedingly.

"If you use force, lieutenant, I am powerless; but the law is strong, sir, and you will be taken," suddenly said the officer of the law.

"Of what am I accused, sir?" asked Howard Moulton, quietly.

"The murder of Captain Burt Lam—"

"Lam?"

With that one word hissing through his shut teeth, Howard Moulton sprang upon the constable and hurled him violently to the ground.

But then, as if his violent passion had spent itself, he said, quietly:

"I beg pardon, sir; you are doubtless but in the discharge of your duty—I surrender myself your prisoner," and he calmly folded his arms upon his broad breast, while Eve stepped forward and said:

"Surely, sir, there is some mistake—Lieutenant Moulton is the brother of Captain Lambert."

"It looks unreasonable, Miss; but circumstantial evidence is against this gentleman. If he is innocent of the charge he can soon prove it; if not, I fear it will go hard with him," and the constable brushed the dirt from his clothes, for he had fallen upon the grave just filled up.

Then the crew of the Eaglet would have interfered, but their commander waved them back, with:

"Men, I must not resist the law. Lieutenant Harding, I leave you in command of the Eaglet, sir. Return with the men on board, and send my baggage to the town, for I suppose I will be put in jail there."

Sorrowfully the men touched their hats and walked away, while Howard Moulton, with no sign of emotion in his face, turned to Eve and said:

"Miss Erskine, I thank you, and you, colonel, for your belief that I could do no such crime as the one with which I am charged. One day I hope we will meet again; but now let me thank you for all that you both have done for my poor dead brother; believe me, I shall never forget you."

"Officer, I am your prisoner and await you."

The cool manner of the accused man seemed to stagger even the constable, who said:

"If you are guilty, sir, you are certainly a wonderful criminal. My buggy is at the gate, and you will have to accompany me."

With a bow to Colonel Erskine and Eve, Howard Moulton held forth his hands, and around his wrists were quickly clasped the iron cuffs, while the blood rushed violently into the handsome face of the prisoner at this disgrace.

Then the two walked away, Howard Moulton casting one glance upon the grave of Burt Lambert, and Colonel Erskine and Eve were left to return to the mansion, grieving sadly over all that had occurred, but firmly convinced that the accused was innocent.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ARRIVAL.

WHEN Eve and Colonel Erskine returned from the grave, a joy suddenly welled up in their hearts, a silver lining to their cloud of gloom, for, seated upon the broad piazza, having just arrived, was none other than Clarence Erskine.

It was a joyous welcome his father and Eve gave him, and they felt that they had a noble heart to share their tale of sorrow.

That night Clarence Erskine heard all—that had transpired in the household of Wildside since the arrival there of his father and Eve, and instantly he offered to defend Howard Moulton of this charge against him, and at once dispatched a note to the lieutenant in his lonely cell, telling him of his intention, for Clarence at once took the view of his innocence from the standpoint held by the colonel and his adopted sister.

As for Eve, she seemed thoroughly delighted at the arrival of Clarence, and made no secret of her joy, which greatly pleased the old colonel, while the young lawyer's sad, stern face lighted up at her kindness toward him, and after she had retired for the night, he said to his father:

"I never saw a more beautiful woman, and I believe that her character is as lovely as her face."

"Indeed it is, my son; for I have watched her closely, and though she is a trifle fond of admiration, and perhaps a little tinged with coquetry, she certainly is as pure as an angel."

"I believe you, sir; but now let us discuss fully the sad incidents that have taken place here, and in the morning we will ride over and see this poor Moulton."

"What a grandly beautiful home you have here, father, and how sad that a shadow should thus be cast over its roof."

"It is too bad, Clarence, too bad; but all will yet come out well, and I have set my heart upon it, that there is one ray of sunshine that must ever remain at Wildside, even if I have to marry her myself."

Clarence Erskine started; but he made no immediate reply, and shortly after bade his father good-night and retired to his room.

In the morning, after an early breakfast, the father and son drove to the town, where Howard Moulton was confined, and upon their arrival found that there was an ill-feeling gaining ground against the prisoner, for it was said that evidence would be forthcoming to hang him.

To these rumors Clarence paid no attention, but seeking out the most prominent lawyer in the place, associated himself with him for the trial, which would come off at an early day.

Having gone over the case, as it was told, with his legal associate, the three gentlemen sought the jail, and were promptly admitted.

They found Howard Moulton pacing the floor, his face pale, his eyes weary-looking, his lips sternly compressed.

Seeing Colonel Erskine he welcomed him most kindly, and shook hands with Clarence and his confederate, both of whom he thanked for their kindness in undertaking his case, after which he added:

"I am but a poor seaman, gentlemen, and a lieutenant's pay will go but a little way toward defraying your—"

"Hold! Lieutenant Moulton! In my mind you are falsely accused, and as the friend of my father and sister I defend you."

"I am rich and need no payment, and my friend here, Mr. Willis, has done me the honor to say that his reward is in being associated with me in this case, and as he is also a man of wealth, he can enjoy the honor without detriment to his purse."

"Sincerely do I thank you, gentlemen, and I feel that you will have your own reward."

"It is not enough that I should sorrow deeply for poor Burt, but my grief must be accented by an accusation of assassination—to think of it, that I should be suspected of killing a man whom I have ever loved most dearly."

After a long conversation together the visitors departed, Colonel Erskine and Clarence returning once more to Wildside.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 323.)

LET US BE FRIENDS AGAIN.

BY "TRIX."

Let us be friends again—forever,
Let us be lovers as of old;
Banish the clouds that o'er us hover,
And the doubts our hearts unfold.

Let me touch the hand so tender,
Let me hold it as of yore,
Till I dream the bright dreams over,
That have long since gone before.

Let me kiss those lips so fondly,
That for me shall smile no more,
May the wheels of time roll backward,
That I may live those hours o'er.

Say again the words you whispered
On one starry summer night,
Which brought me love, and joy, and gladness,
And I thought the world so bright!

But your heart grew cold and hardened,
And you drove me from your side;
Then for me the world seemed darkened,
And my joy and gladness died.

Back once more to life, I summon,
The rare love that wandered away;
Back once more my heart of woman
Bids him come and ever stay.

The Cross of Carlyon:

OR,
THE LADY OF LOCHWOOD.

A Romance of Baltimore.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

CHAPTER XVII.

CATCHING A CLUE.

THE action of Preston Arly, in the office of the detective, appeared strange enough. Stranger, the shrewd Gerard Vance—or, properly, Jerome Harrison—attributed the same purely to the irritable disposition of his visitor, and failed to guess that the quick and severe interruption of the young clerk's speech was because the old gentleman had instantly conceived that he might know something of the abduction, which something he was about to communicate.

This clerk was Jack Stoner—the identical Jack who had wound up a pleasant little spree in the station-house on the night previous.

Through his still slightly-muddled brain flashed a recollection of what he had seen, at dawn, on Shakespeare street. Taught, by contact with an alert man in the secret service, to seize upon the smallest occurrence of an unusual character as a clue to desirable information, he had at once suspected that the hack, the three men, the inanimate form, and the peculiar movements of all, related, possibly, to the very business upon which Preston Arly was now calling.

Could Jack Stoner have known that information of the abductors was, in reality, the last thing Arly wanted, he could have saved his teeth in a whole condition.

"Meddlesome pirate, you!" snapped Arly, leveling and shaking a skinny forefinger at the dancing, hopping clerk, "that's a lesson for you. The next time you have something to say, wait until you are addressed." Then to the detective: "Now, my dear Mr. Vance, what am I to do? My niece is gone—devil knows where. She did not go willingly, I vow—oh, no! Ah! but she loved me very dearly. I am miserable, you see. I ache—Rascal!" the last with a half-jump at Jack Stoner, who just then slapped on his hat and started out for the nearest apothecary.

At the same instant the party who had been dispatched to deliver the note on St. Paul St. put his head in at the office door. He showed the letter, winked, frowned and vanished.

No need, however, of such a sign, which plainly said: "Not there."

Jerome was well aware of the failure of his messenger. He sat silent and meditative, hardly noticing the squirming anatomy on the chair before him. His thoughts were plunged in a maze of pain and fear for the person of Christabel.

"When could this have happened, Mr. Arly?"

"Lord knows—not I, forsooth! But, to a certainty, shortly after our little party dispersed."

"And she would not have left your house of her own accord?"

"Eh? Ridiculous! Why, sir—with a wriggle—she was queen of the mansion. Ah! and he drew forth his copious handkerchief, not to wipe eyes dimmed by grief, but to blow his pointed nose like a tin trumpet on a holiday."

"And you can give me no clue whatever?"

"None—absolutely none."

"Then it is a waste of time for me to ask any more questions."

"If we only had a picture of her, now," suggested Arly.

"Picture! How worthless would be such a thing, when the image was impressed where time nor battle could not erase it."

"Leave the case with me, Mr. Arly," he said, composedly. "If she is in the city, I will find her." And he added, mentally: "Yes, I will find her if she is anywhere in the wide world. I gave up the chase before because I thought her dead. Now, that I know she lives, all earth shall turn to bring her forth."

Old Arly thought:

"Find her, eh? I wonder if he will!—egad! I wonder if he won't! He's sly as a rat, wily as a snake. Thunders! the fellow makes me feel squeamish. Mark the look in his eyes, when he said he'd 'find her'—they're full of the devil. I must caution Wynne to be very careful, indeed. Zounds! I don't want any trouble about this thing."

A moment of silence. Then Jerome:

"I am too busy, at present, Mr. Arly, to converse further on the subject. Set your mind at rest, at least, until you hear from me."

"All right, sir; I'm off, then. But, I say, don't keep me long in suspense—eh? Good-day."

He leaped from his chair and was gone. Jerome sat alone, rigid as a statue, his eyes burning and his gaze bent vacantly on the matting.

Christabel lost, abducted!—and not one clue to guide! To a man in his situation—when his very being had suddenly become wrapped in the counterpart of the woman he worshipped years ago—the prospect was, indeed, cloudy and agonizing. He had so much to talk of, to reveal, to—

"Christabel," he murmured, scarce audibly, "is it true that I have found you, only to lose you, when my soul had seemed to spring into another life of sweet anticipations?"

"Hello, Vance! what'd he want?"

"Ah! Will Hays; you're the very man I want."

His musings were interrupted by the entrance of the party who had ended the fruitless mission to St. Paul street.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Find Albert Arly—you know him?"

"Well enough."

"Shadow him until I advise you further."

"Whew! What are you going to do with him?"

"I shall carry him to London pretty soon. Haste, now."

Jerome walked out as others of the firm came into the office. His steps turned toward Baltimore street; with head slightly bowed, he passed the moving multitude like one in a dream.

A piece of fate it surely was that prompted him to "shadow" Albert Arly immediately upon communication of the news of Christabel's abduction.

It has appeared that Gerard Vance, detective, was acting under instructions from a London firm which held some charge against the junior Arly; and little did the former dream that, in springing surveillance upon that personage, in pursuance of other plans, he was netting one of the only three who knew where his loved one was concealed.

"It cannot be," he thought, "that Christabel has been frightened by my words at the table last night, and fled, herself, for safety. If so, she would have advised me of her course and whereabouts."

As he argued, he conjectured.

"If that villainous pair are implicated in her disappearance—and they are none too good, considering their hate and aversion—it will soon come to light, for Will Hays is a man who understands his business and will notice everything."

A hand fell upon his shoulder.

Behind the hand was the face of Jack Stoner, his lips crossed with plaster and the snag of a broken tooth protruding above a swollen bruise.

"Mr. Vance," he articulated, with difficulty.

"Ah, Stoner! I had forgotten you. That was a sorry blow you got."

He could not avoid smiling at the woeful appearance of the young man's face.

"Never mind about that," said Stoner, with a jerky nod. "I'll have it on my yet, if I'm not greatly mistaken. He knew well enough, I guess, what I was on the point of saying."

"Stoner—" Jerome recalled, now, what the other was saying when the book was hurled by

the spiteful hand of Preston Arly. "Stoner, you remarked, when you got that broken tooth, that you thought you could give me some information concerning the abduction. What did you hint at?"

"I'll answer, after first telling you that I believe old Arly knows more about the matter than he professes. It was because he didn't want me to speak that he closed my mouth."

"It never struck me," said Jerome, thoughtfully.

"But it did me."

"Your perception, here, is quicker than mine. My mind was far away from Preston Arly, when he announced the nature of his call. But, please explain what you know."

"Ay, that's just it," nodding significantly. "I was intoxicated last night, and roaming around the Broadway market. It must have been about dawn when I saw a cab whirl up to the curb, the door of a house opened, three men got out of the cab, and two of these carried an insensible form."

Jerome's eyes brightened. Could this be a clue?

"Man or woman, Stoner?" quickly.

"That the two men carried! Unfortunately I was too drunk to discriminate."

"Well, Stoner!"—speaking rapidly, "what more?"

"Nor can I recollect anything more," replied Stoner, grimacing, "for I was marched off by a policeman about that time."

"And where did you see this?"

"On Shakespeare street."

"Ah!"

"Now, Mr. Vance, we might take a look thereabouts. But, will you please bear in mind the opinion of mine, that, whatever we discover, it will not be best to report to Preston Arly?"

Jerome was of the same frame of mind, but owing to reasons differing widely from Stoner's, though none the less cogent.

"If we could find that hackman, now—would you know him, Stoner?"

"Nary."

They were passing the corner of Fayette and Calvert streets, and from among the numerous hack drivers that infest the vicinity of Barnum's—all of whom knew Vance and his calling—one accosted them with:

"No. Stop—yes. I want one, but not now."

"Yes, sir. A good team mine is, sir."

"I'll want you to-night."

"Most night now, sir," bending his body in a sort of respectful bow, as he uttered the reminder.

"After supper, I mean. Drive over to the office about eight o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

At eight o'clock, punctually, the hack was at the office of the detective.

As Jerome Harrison, accompanied by Stoner, was about to step into the vehicle, a man confronted them as if let out suddenly from the bowels of the earth.

Will Hays.

"Vance."

"Will, is it you? What of Albert Arly?"

"I had to knock off to get some supper. He's in 'charge,' though. An hour ago he was in a house on Shakespeare street."

"Corner of Broadway and Canton avenue," directed Jerome, leaping hurriedly inside the hack.

As they moved off the driver was wondering aloud:

"An' here's some more of that 'ere Shakespeare street. I'd give a dime of ducats to know what's a-goin' on. It looked to me, tother night, as if somebody was carried off. An' now 't looks like the detec's was a-goin' for 'em, 'cause I heard that feller say somethin' about Shakespeare street. That 'ere Wilford Wynne is a deep 'un, you bet, an' I wouldn't trust him roun' a cast-iron figger, if it was a party one."

For this driver was the one called Felix, who was frequently in the employ of Wynne, and Felix it was who had driven Christabel out to the desert of gloom at Lochwood, the night of her arrival in Baltimore.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROSE IN RAGS.

"CHRISTABEL!—wake—open your eyes and look at me."

The voice of Wilford Wynne filled the apartment like a knell.

Christabel, now nearly recovered from the effects of the drug which had placed her at the mercy of her enemies, started nervously as the unpleasant voice sounded in her ears.

Then she felt that a hand was bathing her forehead with cologne, and under a horrible fear which worked like electricity on her nerves, her eyes flew wide open upon her strange surroundings.

Wynne stood over her, gently cooling her brow, his white teeth showing, as he smiled and gazed hungrily into the lovely face.

The next minute she was upon her feet, in the center of the room. One glance at the apartment, at her scant and uncouth garments, and then a look at Wilford Wynne—a look of wonderment, dismay and incredulity.

"Christabel, you seem surprised."

"Am I dreaming?" she broke forth, waking from the spell of stupefaction.

"Oh, no," answered Wynne, coolly returning her stare, and resting easily, with one hand on the head of the lounge. "You are wide awake, fair Christabel, and alone with the man who loves you."

Could she believe her hearing! Indignation and righteous anger were swelling in her bosom; but the lips were ice, and voice even as a torrid calm.

"Mr. Wynne, what means this farce? How did I get here?"

"It is a drama of our own, in which you, the heroine, are abducted and given into the power of one who will be your slave if you wish, your tyrant if you choose. To be brief: I fell desperately in love with you, last evening. I perceived that it would be useless to woo you by fair process, so I carried you off. You are now in one of my private apartments, where none can hear you if you cry out, nor obey if they should hear."

"An original lover, truly."

"Not so original, for the same has been done, at times, since the world began. Christabel, be reasonable."

"Your familiarity is amusing," and she laughed low and sarcastically.

"You will give me credit for my boldness?"

"Bold in one sense; cowardly withal."

"Be reasonable. You are completely in my power. Will you wed me, and be restored to the world? Remember, I offer honorable marriage. If you persist in obstinacy, then you may consider this your prison as long as I live to guard and persecute you."

We have said that Wilford Wynne was a handsome man. Not so always, for now, as he vented the threat, he looked and postured the devil incarnate with commingled passions.

Christabel was not insensible to the insult she had suffered. What woman could be? Nor did she fail to comprehend the utter helplessness of her situation, and the fact that an indignant storm could not possibly alter her present prospects.

Here was not a spirit wrought to quail before the brazen front of villainy in the shape of man. Her predicament called for strategy. The first thing to be obtained was privacy. Alone, she might devise means for escape.

"Mr. Wynne," she said, calmly, "you have mistaken your captive. For the present you will please leave me to myself."

Haughty and cool. She nettled him.

"To oblige you—any thing. When I step in again you will be more composed, and ready to converse upon your future—our future."

"I am as composed, now, as I ever shall be," retorted Christabel, quickly, "and sufficiently mistress of my tongue to prevent my conversing further with you—wretch!" and with the last, she turned her back toward him, with an expression of countenance full of loathing.

"Complimentary, indeed," half sneered Wynne. "But, mark this: I am your master here. Make me a kind one if you will—dread me if you will not."

She did not deign reply. Without saying more, he withdrew, much to her relief.

His demeanor of self-control had lasted its length. Hardly had he closed the door and shot the bolts into their sockets, when he hissed forth a volume of fury, the conclusion of which was the shaking of a forefinger toward the rear apartment.

"Haughty girl!" burst from his lips, "I'll tame you, if need be, like the keeper tames refractory culs—with lash and hunger—but what you shall bend to my will!"

Then he paused. A different look crossed his face, and his glowering eyes turned upon a figure that just entered the hall door, pausing timidly on the sill.

The figure of a girl, scantily clad. But it was a picture, as she stood there—two lustrous brown eyes gazing, steady and yearning, at Wilford Wynne. A soft blush mantled the cheeks beneath the eyes; the lips of coral were slightly parted, as if her owner was about to speak.

A girl of scarce more than sixteen years, beautiful and in rags.

One moment thus, the two gazing each at the other, and the picture, and weird silence which surrounded it, were broken by Wynne.

"Rosalie! you here again? What do you want, now?"

"Oh, Will! Will!" she cried, running forward—but stopped, as his hands gestured her back.

"Well?" he inquired, icily.

"Oh! Will! don't treat me so any longer. You loved me once—"

"Bah!" he interrupted. "I have listened to those words until I am sick. Sing another ditty. Did I not tell you that, if you would quit haunting me, I would give you money—money to live! I tell you, you are worse than a nightmare. What do you expect to gain by it?"

"To win back, if I can, the love that you whispered to me from the time I was old enough to understand, until a year ago—until a few months after our marriage."

"Nonsense!"

"You've told me, yourself, that I was not much more than a year old when I fell into your hands. And you were but a boy of fifteen. I had no friends in the wide world, but you. You became my king, my idol. Oh! how you have treated me, Will! I've tried to hate you, but I can't—my heart is so weak; and after all, I hope, yes, hope that you'll come back, after all. Why, why did you marry me? We were kind to me when I was only a friendless child that had been thrown into your keeping."

"You persist in talking of our marriage. Be done. Go away. You bother me."

"You are my lawful husband, Will—"

"A lie! Prove it."

"Ah, I cannot! You have destroyed a woman's most holy armor, the certificate."

Wynne laughed, sarcastically.

"You'll drive me mad!" pursued the girl. "People round the market are already calling me a crazy thing. Look at me: am I not a pitiable object?"

"Don't I give you money?"

"Barely enough for food. Yet, I take it, because I have a right to. I can't work, for I want to watch you. You can't run away from me, Will!"

"Run away from you?" he snarled, seizing her rudely by the arm, his eyes aflame, "Are you determined to drive me to a frenzy, in which I may do you an injury?"

"Yes, kill me, Will; kill me. If you would only strike me dead! Better one sure blow, than all this torture. Kill me. You'd have no wife to bother you then."

"Wife! Devils! Girl, I tell you again, for the hundredth time, you are not my wife."

"Oh, yes, but I am, Will! Ha! ha! ha!" and the brown eyes, streaming with tears, turned upward to the raging face, and her tremulous voice uttered the words with a hysterical laugh. "Yes, I am your wife, Will; you know, well enough, when you wedded Rosalie Merle!"

"Rosalie Merle!" echoed a voice through the room.

Wilford Wynne started as if struck. Wheeling, with almost the expectation of seeing some one standing behind him, his sweeping glance detected a shining eye at the keyhole of the middle door.

Christabel must have heard.

"Did you hear that, Will? Even the walls of the room echo the truth of what I speak."

"Rosalie, leave me," said Wynne, in a subdued tone. "Here—take this, and buy some clothes," sliding a crisp bank-note into her hand, and turning from her as he did so.

"Oh, Will! it's your love I want, more than all else in the world. Won't you take me back?"

"No!" emphatically. "There, now—be gone."

She passed slowly from the room. Her face was pale, now, and tears stained the cheeks that had glowed with a struggling hope when she entered.

And plain it was, this was not the first visit Wynne had received from Rosalie Merle.

short laugh; "I once saved her from insult at the lips of a lot of corner loungers, and as I walked a short distance with her, I warned a little information from her. And then, I'm not the only one familiar with the rumor that she was once the companion of Wilford Wynne, a most notorious gambler."

"Ah!" ejaculated Jerome, "his wife, likely, and thus cast aside to perish. He is a villain well known. What did you say her name was, Stoner?"

"They call her 'crazy Rose.' But she told me that her name was Rosalie Merle."

"Merle!—Merle!" muttered Jerome; and to himself: "This is strange. I recall, now, that the diary mentioned an infant daughter of Meggy Merle, which was stolen on the same day that she brought little Christabel to Lochwood. But the diary gave no name. I must look into this."

"Now, Mr. Vance," broke in Stoner, "if you'll just cast your eyes over your left shoulder, you'll see the house where the cab stopped last night—or else I've completely lost my reckoning."

The next moment Jerome was thumping against the panel of the door. His summons was promptly answered by Mrs. Boggles.

"Madam, see this," said the detective, turning back the lapel of his coat, and exhibiting a silver star. "I suppose you comprehend, by that, what I am. So do not trifle. I seek the young woman who was brought here last night."

"Bless yer innocence!" bubbled the hag, "there was a gal here, but she's cleared out long ago this mornin'."

"I fear you lie. I am going to search the house."

"Good luck to ye, then," doggedly.

"Will you lead?—or shall I take the lamp and run about myself?"

Mrs. Boggles led.

The two rooms up-stairs, and every nook and cranny, came under their search. Nothing was found to increase their suspicions or to alter their mutual convictions.

"You've got a scrupulous boarder here, in this outlandish place," grunted Jack Stoner, as they were descending the stairs.

"I have that same," returned Mrs. Boggles, with a proud grin. "It's Mr. Wilford Wynne as is a gentleman an' a skolar, sure, an' a student."

Stoner and the detective exchanged quick glances.

"Thought the first:

"If our surmises are correct, then Lord help the young lady we're searching for. A more heartless and passionate man than he never drew breath."

And thought Jerome:

"Stoner was right. I see it all now. Ay, Preston Arly does know more of this than he would wish me to suspect. Oh, Christabel! where am I to look for you? Wilford Wynne—accursed wretch!—if she is in your power, then my account with you shall be deep when it is settled."

They left the house after a fruitless ransacking. Jerome's heart was tortured twofold by the idea of Christabel being in the hands of such a captor—a libertine, adventurer and gambler—for that Wynne was implicated, some powerful monitor, risen from his great love, made it appear a settled fact.

A surprise awaited them at the corner of Broadway and Stanton avenue.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jack Stoner, "that fellow has gone back on us."

The cab had vanished.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 321.)

THE WILD BEE.

I come at morn, when dewdrops bright
Are twinkling on the grasses,
And woo the balmy breeze in flight
That o'er the heather passes.

I swarm with many liltesome wings,
That join me, through my ramble,
In seeking for the honeyed things
Of heat and hawthorn bramble.

And languidly amidst the sedge,
When noontide is most still,
I toll beside the water's edge,
And climb into the lily.

I fly throughout the clover crops
Before the evening closes,
Or swoon amid the amber drops
That swell the pink moss-roses.

At times I take a longer route,
In cooling autumn weather,
And gently murmur roundabout
The purple-tinted heather.

To Poesy I am a friend;
I go with fancy linking,
And all my airy knowledge lend,
To aid him in his thinking.

Dear to these little eyes are dim
To every sense of duty;
We owe a certain debt to him
Who clad this earth in beauty.

And therefore I am never sad,
A burden homeward bringing;
But help to make the summer glad
In my own way of singing.

When idlers seek my honeyed wine,
In wantonness to drink it,
I sparkle from the columbine
Like some forbidden trinket;

But never sting a friend—not one—
It is a sweet delusion,
That I may look at children run,
And smile at their confusion.

If I were man, with all his tact
And power of foreseeing,
I would not do a single act
To hurt a human being.

And thus my little life is fixed,
Till tranquilly it closes,
For wisely have I chosen 'twixt
The thorns and the roses.

The Masked Miner:

OR,
THE IRON-MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.
A TALE OF PITTSBURGH.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER BAIL," "SILKEN CORD,"

CHAPTER XXXI.

GATHERING THE HARVEST.

BUT Fairleigh Somerville quickly recovered from the shock. He sprang to his feet, struck a match and lit the gas. The brilliant light showed his face distorted by fear and passion; he was foaming at the mouth, and his eyes were bloodshot and staring. He paused not a moment, but hastily slipped on his clothes, and thrusting a revolver in his pocket, hurried from the room.

He took his way noiselessly down-stairs, and snatching an overcoat from the hat-rack, hastened to the front door, unlocked it softly and peered forth. He started back, and half re-entered the house, as he saw dimly in the gloom, two tall, brawny figures, indistinct and grotesque, walking rapidly away.

"By heavens!" he muttered. "Fate tells me to follow! and I'll obey. I am entranced! I am ruined! And yet, two lucky shots may—"

The rest of his sentence was lost, as he hastily turned, closed the door softly, and left the

house. In a moment he was in the street, and then hanging close behind those who were ahead of him, he stole onward.

About an hour before day, that same night, the door of old Ben's cabin was suddenly opened, and the light streamed out. In the reflection, standing in the doorway, was the tall form of Felix Morton, the stranger, and just behind him was the brawny figure of old Ben.

A bright glow of triumph shone on the faces of the two men.

"Be sure to meet me in my rooms at the hour appointed, to-morrow evening," said Mr. Morton, loud and unguardedly. "The plan is arranged. I will write the letter in the morning, and I have no doubt of a favorable response. I long to tell the old man the good news in store for him. Poor Grace may yet be happy—if Tom Worth should indeed ever come back! But now, good-night."

"Good-night," said Ben, "and God bless you, my—Mr. Morton!"

But the old man did not at once retire; he stood gazing vacantly in the darkness, after the form of the elegant stranger, who had already disappeared. Then with a low whistle and an ejaculation of satisfaction, the miner re-entered his cabin and closed the door.

Scarcely had he gone, when slowly from the deep shadow of the house near the little window, a form slowly emerged. The form slowly straightened up.

It was that of a man. He paused for a moment and listened keenly. Then he trod quietly away, until he was out of ear-shot of the cabin. Then he quickened his pace.

"Furies and fiends!" he muttered, hoarsely, "am I dreaming? Are all the devils in torment leagued against me? Would to God I could overhaul him; but I am too late! Yet—yet—one more effort—one more desperate plunge for revenge, and then I'll be gone from these regions! And now for Laurence and Teddy. I'll use them for the last time, and then they're—"

The remainder of his words were lost, as he strode on. As he entered upon the Smithfield street bridge, the light shone in his face.

The rays revealed the haggard features of one with whom the reader is acquainted.

But then the man passed on toward the dark, sleeping city.

About ten o'clock the next morning, a letter was handed in at Mr. Harley's abode, in Allegheny City. The old man received the letter himself from the hands of the messenger who brought it. He glanced at the superscription, and then tore open the envelope.

The letter was brief, reading thus:

"MY DEAR SIR—A week ago I had the honor of placing in your hands a letter with which I had been entrusted. At that time I could not make it convenient to stop over a half-hour with you. Being still, however, in Pittsburgh, and having some time at my disposal, I take the liberty of writing to you and telling you I will do myself the pleasure of calling upon you this evening, at eight o'clock exactly, at which time I hope it may not inconvenience you to receive me. I wish, moreover, to be able to tell you something of him who sent the letter. Please answer by the bearer. Respectfully, etc.,

"FELIX MORTON.

"P. S.—I have a little business matter to transact with you, and suggest that you should be present. Your daughter—I understand you have one—may not object to being a witness to the matter."

Mr. Harley read this letter twice, and then calling Grace, showed it to her. The maiden's cheeks paled and then reddened as she read the clear, bold lines.

"I am glad the gentleman is coming, papa," she said, "for his visit may make you more cheerful. And then—oh, God! the news of him, now so rich!" and Grace turned softly into the parlor.

"And, my daughter, you shall see this stranger, too; he requests that you should be present," said the old man, kindly.

"If you wish it, papa," was the gentle reply.

It was night again.

Felix Morton walked up and down the limits of his splendidly-furnished apartment. There was on his face a well-marked, triumphant look; yet mingled with it was a foreboding anxiety. He had just placed in his pocket a brief letter, which, since its reception that day, he had read over and over again.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "has he forgotten! The hour is late, the time approaching, and he must assist me! Everything else has worked so well!"

He paused and glanced at his watch.

"Only three-quarters of an hour more, and I wouldn't be a minute behind time for—Ha! at last!"

As he spoke, a decided ring sounded on the bell. In a moment or so, after respectfully rapping, old Ben entered the apartment.

"You are late, Ben—Mr. Walford," said the stranger, vexatiously; "but I am glad you are here. You must help me in this matter, you know."

"I had not forgotten, sir; I was coming, of course; and I have business—serious business, with you, Mr. Morton." And the old miner's face was as solemn as were his words.

Mr. Morton started.

"Serious business? Well, quick with it. We have no time to lose."

"Exactly, sir. Well, Mr. Morton, I have just had a visitor at my cabin. The man, Laurence, you know, a good fellow and a true comrade, was there; and what do you think he came for? Why, sir, he—"

"And old Ben sunk his voice to a whisper.

A deep, angry scowl spread over the handsome, white-whiskered face of Mr. Morton, as he heard Ben's news.

"This is serious! The scoundrel is desperate. But it is all so ordered! We must be wary and guarded."

He paused for a moment, as if pondering; but raising his head quickly, he said:

"Hurry around, Mr. Walford, to the police-station, and ask the lieutenant for two men. That will do. Tell him enough, but not too much, you know. We can attend to the rest!"

He smiled grimly, as he felt the muscles swelling under his coat-sleeve, and as he glanced at the brawny right arm of old Ben, the miner.

"Hurry, Mr. Walford, and come back at once. I must be dressed for this, my first visit—well and worthily dressed."

The old man, without answering, hurried away. When he returned, which was certainly in ten minutes, Felix Morton, Esq., held in his hands—not loathingly, but tenderly—a queer-looking bundle.

Fifteen minutes from that time two men left the door of the elegant residence on Penn street, and entered a carriage—that of Felix Morton, the aristocrat—standing at the door.

One of these men certainly was old Ben, in his best attire, too; and the other—well, owing to the glaring of the street-lamp just then, a good look at him could not be obtained.

The little parlor of Richard Harley's humble house, on Cedar avenue, was lighted brilliantly—that is, to the extent of two burners. The shutters were closed, and the cheap, though lasting, chintz curtains were dropped to the floor. All was quiet in the room, though the clock on the mantel was somewhat obtrusive

with its ominous clicking. The hands of that clock pointed to five minutes to eight.

Gathered in the room, nervous, sedate, anxious and expectant, was a small group. Old Dr. Breeze, the ancient and tried friend of the family, was there, calm, dignified and imperious; also, Mr. Harley, restless and excitable.

The most conspicuous figure in the group, however, was Grace Harley. She was clad in pure white, making a wonderful contrast to her accustomed sable attire. A single white rose nestled in her lustrous hair, and her hands—somewhat tremulous—were leaning on a table.

"Tis late, and he comes not," muttered Mr. Harley, vexatiously. "Can he, too, be playing with me? He—"

"Hush, hush, father!" interrupted the daughter. "I am sure the gentleman will come."

At that moment a furious ring at the bell startled all. In a moment a letter was flung into the passage by one who hurried away. Mr. Harley, who had gone out to answer the bell, picked up the letter and returned to the parlor. As he drew near the light he cast his eyes over the superscription. It was his name, and the handwriting was strange.

The old man nervously tore open the letter, and glanced hurriedly over it. All eyes were upon him as he walked unsteadily back into the room, letting the letter fall negligently from his hand. The old man, however, had read every word!

The crumpled sheet fluttered down at the feet of old Dr. Breeze. The physician stooped, picked it up and read it. Then, he quietly and without any show of emotion, save a grim smile, placed the letter in his pocket.

The letter ran thus:

"MR. HARLEY—You no doubt think you are making a fine acquaintance in this Mr. Felix Morton! Be on your guard; he comes with evil intent! He is one known to you as an evil-doer in the past! But those will be here who will unmask him! He will attempt to abduct your daughter! Be wise."

"ONE WHO KNOWS."

"Oh, father! speak—what—what is this?" exclaimed the maiden, springing to the side of her parent, who was leaning against the wall for support.

"Alas! alas! my daughter—we are indeed friendless. This smooth-tongued man is a deceiver—a vil—"

At that moment the heavy rattle of carriage-wheels was heard. Then the noise ceased just by the door. The bell sounded, and, without waiting for the summons to be answered, the door was opened.

Just then the clock struck eight.

Ere its reverberations had ceased, the parlor door swung back, and a strange sight burst upon the vision of the startled group.

There—brawny, iron-armed and independent—came old Ben Walford, clad in holiday attire—a broad, genial smile of greeting and satisfaction mantling his face.

And there—good heavens!—leaning on the old man's shoulder—erect, athletic, muscular, proud and defiant—was TOM WORTH, the miner.

With one wild, shuddering cry of agonizing joy, Grace Harley, forgetful of all maidenly reserve, forgetful of everything, sprang forward and flung her white arms around the neck of the humbly, coarsely-clad miner.

And Tom Worth, in a loud voice, cried in his old familiar tones:

"God be thanked! she's true as steel!" and he bowed his head, with his curling auburn locks, until his long yellow beard fell in masses over the maiden's shining hair.

A moment of silence, painful and awkward; and then, before any one could speak, the street door was burst open with a crash, and three men—one, his face concealed behind a long black beard, his person by a large, ungainly overcoat—sprung into the room.

"There he is—come to light at last! Now on him, my men—we'll see if two can't play at certain games!" and the speaker darted forward.

Quickly placing the fainting girl in the arms of the old physician, who eagerly clasped his charge, Tom Worth turned like a lion at bay. Old Ben Walford, stern and terrible to look upon, was an instant by his side.

"Hold! Stand where you are, or advance at your peril!" exclaimed the young miner, in a deep, fearful voice of warning, at the same time drawing a pistol. "Another step, and I'll spatter your brains on these walls! Now—now—the time has come when villainy shall be exposed! I have long prayed for this occasion, and yet I would have spared you! Now—for you have courted your exposure—I will strip your face of its false covering, and declare you the treacherous scoundrel that you are, FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE!"

As the young man spoke, he sprang forward with the bound of a tiger.

The two men met in deadly combat; but he who opposed Tom Worth was, before the young miner's brawn and muscle, a very man of straw. In an instant the false beard was torn from his face, and the long overcoat stripped from his form, revealing none less, indeed, than Fairleigh Somerville, the millionaire.

One of the man's companions sprang forward to the rescue; but, quick as lightning, old Ben, the miner, was upon him. It was but one ponderous blow, and then another, and the fellow went down like a puppet. Springing upon his prostrate foe, old Ben clutched him by the throat.

The other—the man we have known as Laurence—stirred not; but on his lips was a smile of satisfaction, and of a triumph he had long looked forward to.

"Now, Fairleigh Somerville!" exclaimed Tom Worth, after a pause in this thrilling scene, "your day comes! I gave you a chance, and you have repaid my generosity by attempting this dastardly outrage. Nay, move a muscle, and, right or wrong, I'll shoot you through the heart!"

As he spoke, he placed a call to his lips, and blew a long, shrill whistle. Before the thrilling of the pipe had ceased, the door was opened, and two stalwart policemen entered with drawn revolvers.

"Tis over, sergeant; you'll have no trouble," said the young miner, quietly. "Now, Fairleigh Somerville," he continued, amid a complete silence, turning to the unmasked villain again, "I charge you with the abduction; over two years ago, of Miss Harley. I knew your designs at the time; yet I would have given you the benefit of all doubt; for I would, above all things, see justice done! You planned that abduction; these poor men, who by some misfortune fell into your power, were your tools, and executed your plans. From a marked resemblance between myself and that man there, who has at last turned into the right path, and he pointed to Laurence, "I was arrested. Hence Markley's evidence. The rascally plan was well arranged. Now, look for yourselves!" and as he spoke he placed himself by the side of the other.

There was immediately a loud exclamation of surprise from all; the resemblance was wonderfully striking.

"I bore all, however," continued the young

miner, "that justice, full and final, might be done. And now the hour has arrived when justice SHALL be done! Seize that man, sergeant, but let his tools go free; they were misguided—nothing more."

Without waiting for an expected resistance, the officer, beckoning his assistant on, sprung upon the fellow, enforcing the arrest with his pistol. Fairleigh Somerville ground his teeth together in desperation, and he made a frantic effort to get his pistol, as his eyes flashed fire at the man Laurence, but he could not shake off the strong grasp of that brawny policeman's nay, all his boasted wealth could not now purchase his freedom.

Again Tom Worth turned toward the silent, almost speechless group huddled in the further corner of the room. His tall, muscular form was now shaking with excitement. Addressing Mr. Harley, he said, in a low, deep voice:

"I am Tom Worth, once poor and despised—once spurned and contemned by you! But, as Tom Worth, I now, sir, present to you this paper—a valuable one! I secured it at the pistol's mouth—working in the cause of right—framed by the villain there, who so infamously defrauded you. That paper gives back to you, sir, your entire property. Take it as a gift from Tom Worth, the miner."

Old Richard Harley took the paper from the young man's hands, glanced over it, and uttering a wild, joyful cry, staggered back against the table.

"And, my friends," and his voice was lower than ever, more subdued, and tremulous, "though you all know me as Tom Worth, do you recognize me now?" and in an instant he cast off his dingy miner's suit, hurled aside the yellow beard, and stood there in splendid array, elegant and stately, as the aristocratic, white-bearded Felix Morton, Esq.

But, waiting not for the amazement of all to subside, he continued, hurriedly and excitedly:

"But this, too, is a disguise! See me now, my friends, in my proper person, and this paper, Mr. Harley, will tell you my name."

He stripped the white whiskers from his face, and a stranger, indeed, stood there—a tall, exceedingly handsome man, far this side the prime of life—a long, sweeping, auburn mustache falling over his mouth.

Old Richard Harley, trembling in every limb, gasping for breath, took the paper in his nervous hands and glanced over it.

"My God! CLARENCE, EARL OF ROY!"

And, as Fairleigh Somerville, the prisoner, who had been a dreaming, almost idiotic spectator to this scene, was led out by the policeman, old Ben, the miner, strode to the side of the newly-discovered nobleman, and quietly, reverentially, taking the outstretched hand, said, in a low voice:

"Ay! my Lord of Roy, but—my boy still!"

And then, with a cry of a well-worn triumph upon his lips, he whom we have known as Tom Worth sprang forward and clasped to his broad chest the fainting form of Grace Harley, the faithful!

And over the two poor old father spread his trembling hands in a meaningful blessing.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RETRIBUTION.

WE will not lift the curtain on that last scene—that scene so solemn, so grand, at that hour so holy and hushed, when Clarence of Roy and Grace Harley stood in mute embrace—united after many days! On this scene we ring the curtain down.

We will briefly follow the fortunes of others whom we have introduced to the reader. We have seen how patience, long suffering and love have been rewarded; it were a strange tale—of a natural one, truly—which did not have in its course the recital of merited punishment likewise.

The policemen and their prisoner had reached the Suspension bridge without any incident; but, as soon as they set foot on the abutment, Somerville, who had been very quiet, suddenly halted, and by a mighty effort, burst from the officer who held him.

Turning at once, he leaped into the street below, and sped away like lightning.

So completely were the officers taken by surprise, that the success of the movement was assured. They fired their pistols, but the bullets whistled harmlessly away. A vigorous pursuit was kept up, though the fugitive was never again in sight.

Late that night—about eleven o'clock—a dark form suddenly appeared in front of the old house on Boyd's Hill. It was that of a tall, slender man. He approached the door with staggering, reeling steps, and opened it.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, in a husky voice, as he entered and struck a light. "Safe—safe! for a time, at least. Now, one more look at my secret, and then I'll be gone."

As he spoke he mounted a chair by the wall, wherein was concealed the secret panel. He touched the spring—the section gave way, and then the terrible grinning skeleton, in all its ghastliness, came in view.

The hardened wretch gazed mutely on; then of a sudden, a vague trembling seized his limbs.

Fairleigh Somerville had undergone much that night.

"It was this my crime began!" he muttered, in a hoarse voice. "Ha!" he exclaimed; and he turned suddenly, as the wind, blowing rudely over the hill, flung the door open.

Unlucky movement! As he turned, his foot slipped on the chair. He tottered, and, in endeavoring to recover his balance, fell backward into the yawning cavity.

The sliding panel, jarred into action by the fall, started to its place with the celerity of lightning. A ringing snap and the solid section had walled him in forever!

CONCLUSION.

WE have but little more to add. Clarence and Grace were at last married. They cared not to linger longer amid the scenes where their troubles had been so multiplied, and the young bride eagerly consented to follow her noble husband to his grand old castle of Roy, beyond the seas. Old Richard Harley, too—now contented and happy, was anxious to go likewise. So he at once sold his fine mansion. As his title to it was unassailable, he had no difficulty in effecting a sale.

The very night following that of the marriage, the young nobleman and his loving, trusting wife, with her father, left Pittsburgh forever. They went to New York. Old Ben, the miner, glad of the opportunity of getting back to his native England, bade adieu to the "Black Diamond" and his little cabin, and accompanied the party in the employment of Clarence. In one week they sailed for Liverpool.

The tale of Clarence of Roy is briefly told; He was the younger son of a noble family, away in the north-western part of England. He was his father's favorite; but by his elder brother and stepmother he was hated. These two conspired against him, and managed to bring about a fierce quarrel between him and

the hot-tempered old earl, his father. The result was that the young man was forbidden the ancestral castle of Roy, and set adrift in the world, without a shilling in his pocket.

He was a proud fellow, and he had gone abroad, working his way—had served in her majesty's Indian army—had lived in Calcutta, afterward in Hong Kong, and at last had found his way to the grand asylum for the persecuted—America. Then he had come to Pittsburgh. Long before he was known as Tom Worth, he and Grace Harley had met under peculiar circumstances—and met to love. But on that period—a dark one to the lovers—it is not our purpose to dwell.

The letter from abroad brought the young man in prison—as the reader will remember—by old Ben, was from the solicitor of the estate of Roy, telling the exile of Clarence of the death of his father—and of the consequent strife between the elder brother and the stepmother. The letter stated that the strife had culminated in a division. Then the elder brother had been suddenly killed in a fox-chase; and then, on certain papers being found, the law had dispossessed the stepmother of all the estates, save a small property as dowry. Hence, the letter went on to say, Clarence—or Tom Worth as we best know him—was sole heir to the large property, and, of course, successor to the title.

The solicitor had always been a friend of the disinherited son, and was in correspondence with him in his misfortunes whithersoever his wanderings led him.

The young man, as we have seen, heeded the summons, despite surrounding circumstances. On reaching England, he found a great deal of law matter to be attended to, which, before it was finally settled, consumed over two years' time. This all arranged, however, to his satisfaction, he bent on claiming his long-ago conquest, hastened across the water again as Felix Morton, Esq.—a gentleman of means—to seek out his first and only love.

Ten years have elapsed since the day Clarence and Grace sailed away from New York; and to-day the young nobleman—yes, he is still young—with his sweet wife and prattling children, is happy in his ancestral castle of Roy. Several years since old Richard Harley died at a ripe old age in the castle, blessing those he left.

Our friend Ben Walford to this day is the trusted steward of the old stronghold, and performs his duties to the satisfaction of all.

Hanging on the wall, in the library of the castle, is a small, richly-gilded frame. It contains simply a half-sheet of note paper, written closely over. A portion of it reads strangely thus:

"—And the said Fairleigh Somerville hath remitted, released and quit-claimed, and by these presents doth remise, release and quit-claim, unto the said Richard Harley, his heirs and assigns forever, all that property known as the Harley Mansion, Stockton avenue, in the Allegheny City, State of Pennsylvania."

To this sheet of paper appear as witnesses, two names, viz., TOM WORTH and BENJAMIN WOLFORD.

Only two years since, on tearing down the old house on Boyd's Hill, two grinning skeletons were found in a secret panel of the wall. They were recognized, the one by a golden chain around the rattling ribs, as—ALICE POWERS, once a rival of Somerville in some love affair, and who had mysteriously disappeared years before; the other—by a flashing diamond on the skeleton finger, as—FAIRLEIGH SOMERVILLE.

We must not forget to state that Laurence and Teddy were amply provided for by Clarence of Roy, before he left Pittsburgh, and that these poor fellows, ever afterward, lived honest, exemplary lives.

Reader, our tale is told, and we have reached the point where we must separate, namely:

THE END.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

A mate to make of Annie dear
I know would Annie mate,
But I'd have fears of Annie-dyne—
A sorrow I would hate.

And Nettie—no, I am not one
To be caught by a Net;
And fairly, fond Elizabeth
Might prove a losing bet.

And Barbara might be Barbarous,
Which I would greatly dread;
And black-eyed Hat might turn to be
Quite heavy on my head.

Fair Flora she might Flora man—
A treatment rather rude;
And if for little Sue I'd sue
I might be badly sued.

Bright Sarah might a Sarah prove,
But I would doubt it some;
And Minnie, who's a medium girl,
Might be a Minnie-mum.

And Mary she has always said
She would not marry me;
With Ida, oh, if Ida show
How happy I would be!

Upon my brow fair Adeline
Might Adeline of care;
And pretty Amy may not be
As Amy-able as fair.

To Clara I'd de-Clara my faith
If she would tender prove;
But if I'd plead to Nora's heart
She might ig-Nora love.

If I'd ask Kate if she'd love me
She might prevari-Kate,
And hope would throw me in despair,
And bid me always wait.

I'd write to Cora if I thought
She'd like to Cora-spond;
And Ann—I don't Ann-ticipate—
Her heart is far beyond.

To Phebe I might give my heart,
But oh, what might the Phebe?
She might a queen of Sheba prove—
Her husband what would Hebe?

Viola might be Viola-nt,
And make my life distrust;
But Celia, could I Celia mine
I'd give up all the rest.

Bertha's Mercy.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

Mrs. ST. SYMINGTON'S magnificent drawing-room flooded with light from the glittering chandeliers; furniture of soft, mossy plush, the color of the heart of a May-rose; soft sounds of a fountain splashing in the conservatory, and sweet, delicious perfume exhalant from aisles of rare exotics and tropical plants.

That was the scene that wild January night, when the storm beat without, and cold and misery and want stalked, a grim trinity; when little Bertha Agincourt nestled further down among the plush cushions of the easy-chair she had found wheeled in front of the cheery open fire burning so redly behind the polished silver bars.

A grave-faced girl, shy, blushing and modest, with womanly eyes of tender blue, that mirrored her pure, sweet thoughts as faithfully as a lakelet does a flashing sunlight. A quiet, lonely little creature, only sixteen, who had come from a dear, happy home among New England hills to take up the burden of life with brave hands, though weak and all unused to the warfare; with stout heart, for all there were times when it overflowed through the sweet, frank eyes.

She had only been a week at the St. Symingtons—only a week away from her widowed mother and the plain little home that was insufficient to give her a living longer; only a week, and yet long enough to learn the luxury of plenty and elegance; not long enough to know how miserably inferior she was held to be, with her sweet, gentle ways, the result of innate nobleness, to the large, florid, fashionable daughter of the house of St. Symington—Juanita St. Symington, with her coal-black hair streaming down over her bright silk dress, and her jewels glittering with almost barbaric splendor as she sailed into the drawing-room that storming January night, followed by the portly, less intrusive parent.

Miss Juanita's shimmering trail was sweeping over the Moquet carpet, and ceased its pleasant rustle suddenly as she saw Bertha nestling, all unobtrusively, in the sacred precincts of the pink plush chair.

"Mamma! did you ever? The idea of her coming in here! Tell her at once what she is to do, will you?"

Mrs. St. Symington shrugged her shoulders just a little deprecatingly.

"Really, I haven't the heart to, Juanita. I can't see what harm there is, if the child wants—"

Juanita shot her mother a glance from her black eyes.

"Nonsense, mamma! if you can't see the harm, I can! If you won't tell her to leave, I will."

Like a hawk about to pounce on a dove, Juanita sailed across the room, and looked down at the pretty, bowed head of the girl, as Bertha sat leaning on her elbow, looking into the mass of flame.

"Miss Agincourt, you seem to be in ignorance of the fact that this apartment is not intended for the servants. Be so good as to retire to the school-room, your proper place, where it is understood you will pass your evenings in the future. Oh! Dr. Redmond, good-evening! how delighted we are to see you!"

And Juanita turned coldly away from the mortified girl to greet the handsome gentleman who had been admitted a moment before.

He bowed and took Juanita's extended hand, and then looked interestedly at the sweet, shame-flushed face of the girl who had arisen hastily from the easy-chair.

"You comprehend, Miss Agincourt?"

Juanita's imperious voice partly arrested the flying footstep, and a confused, unintelligible answer came in a low, hurried tone as Bertha disappeared.

"Such impudence! the next thing I presume cook and mamma's waiting-maid will be coming in when they're tired! Dr. Redmond, have you heard 'The Milkmaid's Marriage Song'?"

And while the graceful fingers went flashing over the keys of the piano, and the clear, strong voice rose in the wailing chorus of the ballad, and Guy Redmond listened gravely, little Bertha was crouching on the floor in her own dull, cold room, crying as if her little heart would break.

"I'll never stay here, never! I'll be a nursery-maid, or a kitchen girl before I'll stay here and be insulted by Juanita St. Symington—insulted because I went into the drawing-room! If I am not good enough to sit in there, am I fit to teach little Waldery his letters?"

Poor, innocent, ignorant child! she had yet to learn that this was a very queer world.

"A young lady, Rose?"

Dr. Guy Redmond looked up from a ponderous volume of medical lore he was studying—his grave, thoughtful face showing its strength and beauty as the full glare of the light fell on it.

"A young lady, sure, Mr. Guy. Leastways a lady, anyhow, young or old. She's all so bundled up you can't scarcely see her."

Dr. Redmond arose as the colored servant disappeared, and went into his office, where a sweet, low voice addressed him as he closed the door.

"You are Dr. Redmond?"

He bowed and took his customary seat. "I am troubled about my throat, Dr. Redmond, and as my living depends upon my voice, I am more than anxious to know if I am seriously threatened."

He listened, as if half familiar with her tone, her face, then the momentary personal interest merged into customary professional solicitude.

"You are a singer, then? Tell me the symptoms, please."

"Oh, no, I can't sing, but I use my voice almost as much as if I were. I am a teacher—I used to be nursery governess in Mrs. St. Symington's family, and I came to you because once I saw you there."

A sudden remembrance rushed over him; now he knew the cause of that sad, momentary, half recognition. And this was the pretty, startled little girl, whose blue eyes and sweet drooping mouth had haunted him for months after he had seen and pitied her in her confusion, that January night a year ago, almost.

Involuntarily, Dr. Redmond smiled. "I remember—Miss Agincourt. And now you are teaching?"

She smiled in answer to his courteous, friendly way.

"Teaching—and very hoarse at times, with a continuous aching sensation in my throat, and a tendency to cough."

Her accurate description of symptoms at once turned the current of conversation; and when, twenty minutes later, Bertha Agincourt left the office with a tiny package of powders in her muff, it was with a new, strange light shining in her eyes.

"How good he is! he seems like a friend I have always known!"

While Guy Redmond's brown eyes watched the slight, graceful figure pass the window. "Poor child! in six months she will not speak above a whisper for all future time! I wonder what she will do!"

Gradually the acquaintance, at first purely professional, ripened into personal friendship; then, into warmer interest, until, on the day when Bertha heard her fate from Dr. Redmond's kind, pitiful lips, they had grown to be very near to each other.

"This huskiness permanent! never speak again! oh, Dr. Redmond, don't tell me that!" She waited forth her complaint so piteously, as she listened, with blanching cheeks and quivering lips.

"You know I have done all that lies in human power to do, Bertha. You know it hurts me to see you take it so to heart, child, and yet I am not sorry."

He was looking eagerly at her. "Not sorry! not sorry that I am worse than useless until I can learn another way of earning my bread! Oh, Dr. Redmond, I thought—I thought—"

He had both her rebellious hands in his now, and was half-smiling in her tearful face.

"You thought what, Bertha? I know you never have thought what I have—what I am thinking now—what a darling little wife you are going to be for me! You will be, won't you, dear?"

His wooing was quiet, but so intense that she very solemnly started her. His wife—she—his wife! The rapturous tears welled to her eyes.

"Oh, Dr. Redmond!"

"Never but Guy in the future, Bertha! Kiss me, darling, and tell me you do not regret giving up your school to teach me how to be a better man! Little Bertha, I will make you very happy if I may! May I?"

And her breath almost hushed with ecstasy, the lonely, brave little girl accepted. The heaven of happiness she had dreamed of—she had never dared think would be her own!

"You will go down to dinner, then, to-day, dear! If you knew how much better they were looking, and how Bertie and Ora are clamoring for you."

Dr. Redmond caressed the delicate cheek of his wife as she leaned against the lined cushions of the easy chair—pretty, fair as five years ago, when she had married him.

She smiled as if in indulgence of his proud tenderness.

"I wonder whether the children or papa is most anxious I should go down! Confess, now, Guy, you begin to be jealous of this little stranger's monopoly of my time."

She touched the pink palm of a wee baby lying cradled in a low-canopied crib at her side, and spoke in a low, hushed whisper, that had grown to be very sweet and melodious to her husband's ears—that other people thought a dreadful affliction, while they wondered how well Mrs. Redmond bore it.

The doctor leaned over and kissed his boy, then the mother.

"I do not think even young Guy Agincourt could make me jealous, dear, but I do want you down stairs to-day. Among other reasons, it is time you made the acquaintance of the children's nursery-maid, who came the day baby did. I haven't seen her once, and I am sure if it had not been for cousin Annie's attention, Mrs. Greyson—that's her name—would have been miserably lonesome."

"Annie is always good, and I'll go down, dear, if you think it best, and make the poor woman comfortable, although I really think you ought to have seen her."

Doctor Redmond shrugged his broad, fine shoulders.

"If you knew how busy I've been, and how miserably hidden the lady keeps herself, you'd not think so. Then, Bertha, we'll see you at two—the smart, pretty house-mother as usual."

It was one, when Mrs. Redmond went down stairs, the very idol of a dainty, high-bred lady, in her elegant invalid costume, and surrounded on every side by all the luxuries money or taste could provide.

Bertie and Ora, her little daughters, came flying to meet her as she entered the nursery, on a visit preparatory to dinner.

A tall, plainly-dressed woman arose to check their exuberant delight.

"Children, don't—good heavens! are you Mrs. Redmond?"

Bertha smiled and bowed. "I am Mrs. Redmond, Mrs. Greyson. If you know me you have the advantage, although—although—" she paused, and the color flew to her pale cheeks—"it can not possibly be that you are Miss St. Symington?"

"Yes, Juanita St. Symington, who drove you out of her mother's parlor because you were nobody but a nursery governess! Mrs. Redmond, this—"

She almost gasped the words, in her painful suspense and bitter remembrance.

Bertha laid her fair, white hand on the plain sleeve of the woman.

"Try to forget whatever happened unpleasant. Remember that this is truly your home, Mrs. Greyson, where you will be received and treated as an equal, by myself, husband and guests. And now, are you ready for dinner? The bell will ring very soon."

So, like coals of fire, was Bertha's mercy—her sweet, tender womanliness, on Juanita St. Symington's head; while among the bitterest drop in Mrs. Greyson's cup is the belief that by her own hand she made all the happiness of Mrs. Redmond's life—a happiness she had often hoped for, for herself, but that, with many other good things, had been denied her, since the day when Fate took Fortune in hand and banished her from the home where Bertha Agincourt's destiny began to shape its course.

A TRYST.

BY L. C. GREENWOOD.

Sweet bells are ringing
Softly on the evening air;
Sweet voices singing,
Breathe their evening prayer.
But I stand all lonely,
For thou art not with me now,
Sighing for thee only—
Keeping still, my vow.

Moonlight so tender
Falls on yonder lofty hill,
And in its splendor
Mingles with the rill.
To me this love scene
Is forever without charms,
While distance lies between
Thee and outstretched arms.

Keep me not waiting,
Linger here all lonely then;
Why art thou here?
Wilt thou come again?
All hushed in the bower
Is the song of weary bird,
Closed is every flower
By the breezes stirred.

Mine eyes are weary
Of their watch for thee to-night,
And all seems dreary
With thee not in sight.
Turning to the east
Oh, that thou couldst but be here,
For I am so lonely
When from thee so dear.

Romance on the Rail.

How Cap. Lollard Popped the Question.

BY GUY GLYNDON.

It was at Jim Larnigan's wedding; and the occasion suggested the story. Jim had "set 'em up handsome for the boys," and the generous wine had warmed Cap's blood until he felt that every man was a brother; or he might have been more reserved about this episode in his checkered life. For Cap seldom spoke of his wife to the boys; and when he did it was with a deferential air unusual in one of his class.

There was a legend current that a "green hand" on the road had once hailed him with: "Well, Cap, how's the old woman and the babies?"

The story ran that, without deigning an answer in words, Cap struck straight from the shoulder, and his would-be friend "went to grass with a shanty over his eye" for his undue familiarity. The chivalrous spirit of the act appealed to those rude natures more forcibly than a volume of sermons could have done; and all along the line Cap Lollard's wife was invoked with a sort of halo of romance.

"Wal, gentlemen," began Cap, in response to the solicitations of the crowd, "if nothin' else'll do ye, I suppose you must have yer way; so hyer goes."

In the summer of '65 I was haulin' a construction train, though I was put on to a passenger train that fall. There wa'n't much business on the road; an' we were ordered to ballast up a long stretch o' track, dodgin' out o' the grand pit an' back ag'in between the reg'lar trains.

All along the road that was some mighty fine farm-houses; an' one struck my eye in particular. It was the reg'lar old style—low an' spreadin' out over the ground so's to be comfortable an' roomy. A lot o' clamberin' vines an' half a dozen wide-spreadin' oaks made it a mighty cool-lookin' place on a hot summer afternoon; and an old-fashioned well-sweep to one side made you think that water was a pretty choice article after all.

"Wal, hess, you bet it was mighty slow work settin' on the box in the sun, with that house in sight, while the Micks was unloadin' the flats; an' it didn't take me long to make up my mind that I was powerful thirsty when we got jest opposite that partic'lar place. So down I jumps, leavin' the fireman in charge, an' makes fur the house, all legs an' no ceremony."

"I was jest fetchin' up at the well, when I turned, an'—Jerusha Jane!—thar in the doorway stood about the trimmest bit of female flesh an' blood that I ever set eyes on—you hear me! Lord love ye! I allow that couldn't no two-legged man critter look at her without its makin' his mouth water!"

Fellers, I felt jest like a schoolboy caught in a melon patch! My breeches was in my boots; I had only one galls—no vest—no coat—no collar, and an old felt hat with three-quarters of the rim torn away, leavin' the rest stickin' out like the visor of a cap. An' thar she stood, a-lookin' at me an' larfin' a little, I thought, because I was so all struck in a heap! I had waltzed up thar as bash as a sky terrier; but one blink o' her roguish eye, an' you could 'a' knocked me clean out o' time with a feather."

"Hem! Kin I git a drink, ma'am, if you please?" says I, kind o' stammerin'.

"Yes, sir," says she, as chipper as a bird. "Jest wait, an' I'll bring you a dipper."

She skipped into the house and out ag'in before you could toss up fur the beer, bringin' a dipper that you could 'a' shaved by a deuced sight better than any three-cornered piece o' lookin'-glass.

"It's hot work ridin' on a locomotive this weather, ain't it?" says she, droppin' her eyes, modest-like; but I knowed she'd took me in from top to toe, one galls an' all.

"It's all-fired hot," says I; an' fur the first time in my life I lost my tongue flat—fact dummer'n a wooden man with his mouth shut!

"But I didn't lose my eyes, hess, you bet! Lord love ye! she looked like as if she'd jest stepped out of a fairy book, with her sleeves rolled up almost to the shoulder, an' apron-strings circin' a waist that Queen Victoria herself couldn't 'a' matched. As trim as a pin, an' as neat as wax!—fellers, I felt as if I'd jest dropped down on my marrow-bones in the grass an' worship her!"

"But all the time I knowed she must be a 'thinkin' that I looked like a slouch; an' that made me sweat, you bet! So I says, says I: 'Thankee, ma'am!'

"An' givin' her back the dipper, I jest humped myself fur that engine, cussin' my luck at every breath."

"Wal, you bet yerself, the next day I was tricked out like a drill sergeant!—boots shiny—black pants, with a roll at the bottom, so's to show the stiff'nin'—billed shirt, with a ruffled

front—red butterfly—an' a crush hat that seven dollars and ninety-nine cents wouldn't buy! If that cut didn't take her eye, then I'd throw up my hand!"

"She come to the door, but whirled round like a flash, makin' an excuse o' goin' after the dipper again. But I seen the corner of her mouth go up, an' knowed she was a-larfin' at my sudden blow-out. She was a cute one, an' knowed a thing or two. I could see that plain enough."

"But with my store clo's on I kin face anything that wears calico; an' I done myself proud that time, I know. Before I come away, I had a bouncin' bowl o' milk. It was a mighty thin drink; but I'd 'a' swilled dishwater if she'd offered it."

"After that my fireman run the train mostly, while I lay in the grass under the trees an' heard her singin' about her work, once in a while comin' to the door to give me a pleasant word. Of course I'd 'a' got the grand bounce if the thing had got to head-quarters; but my fireman liked to learn, an' as long as he didn't find no fault at his double work it wa'n't no one else's funeral. So the thing lasted two weeks—such a soft job couldn't run long—an' then the bottom fell out."

"But Mary an' me had come to be right smart friends by that time; an' when I was put on the passenger I blowed a signal jest before I come to the house, an' she'd stand in the door an' swing her sun-bonnet at me as we passed."

"Of course you all know that most o' the Western roads was built on a bogus plan. The farmers along the proposed line was persuaded to give mortgages on their farms, to be used as collateral to borrow money on, the railroad companies guaranteein' to pay the interest on the mortgages and pay the farmers handsome dividends on the stock they took in exchange for the mortgages, so's it'd be all in pocket with them, an' never cost 'em a cent. All went lovely till the mortgages fell due. Then the companies busted; the stock wa'n't worth a cuss; an' the farmers had to clear off their mortgages themselves, or git kicked out o' house an' home. 'Twa'n't more'n human natur' that they should rile at that; an' fur awhile they pulled up tracks an' dumped trains into the ditch kinder promiscuous, you bet!"

"Wal, as the fall passed, the evenin's got shorter, until I didn't git to Mary's house until after dark. Then she used to stand in the open doorway, with the light behind her, or, what it stormed, at a window."

"One night I pulled out dead ag'in a tearin' north-wester. It was blacker'n the inside of a stone ink-bottle and; an' the rain lashed ag'in the cab window so's I couldn't see through the glass, anyway."

"Just by Mary's house there was quite a down-grade, an' at the end o' that grade a curve round the face of a bluff, with a thirty-foot fall on the outside of it—a mighty nasty place to git ketcht, ole hoss, or I'm a liar! I thought about it before I got thar; but I says to myself, says I: 'A man that's born to be hung 'I never git drowned!'

"So I pushed ahead, as usual."

"Just before comin' to the Lockworth farm I blowed my signal an' stepped back out o' the cab, to see the light in the window. The trees was jest more'n lashin' an' tossin', as I could see by the flashes o' lightning; but thar wa'n't no light."

"I was a-goin' to step back into the cab, mighty disappointed, considerin' it was such a leetle thing, when crash come something through the cab window. By a flash of lightning I caught a glimpse of a woman standin' beside the track, bareheaded, an' with her hair an' clo's blowin' wild, an' heard a shrill voice scream:

"'Cap! Cap! Cap!'

"A glance showed me the frame of a lantern rollin' on the cab floor. That was enough. I knowed it meant danger."

"To whistle fur brakes like mad—to reverse the lever—to throw the throttle wide—to sand the track—didn't take no time at all. An' then I swung out on the step an' looked ahead, while my fireman was strainin' the tender-brake to the last notch."

"It seemed an age before she begun to slack up; an' when she come to a standstill the nose o' the pilot was within ten feet o' as devilish a device as you ever seen. Half-way round the curve, an' in the very worst place, a cross-piece was spiked to the track, an' on this was an incline, pintin' our way, fur the pilot to run up on."

"I reckon thar was some white faces, when the passengers piled out o' the car an' seen that they had come within ten feet o' kingdom-come! Some one asked me how I found it out in time to stop her. I didn't answer him nary a word; but, jumpin' on that engine again, I left the boys to remove the obstruction while I backed that train to the Lockworth farm."

"I found her beside the track, jest whar she stood when we passed her, the wind a-blowin' so's she could hardly keep her feet, an' the rain a-blindin' o' her almost. When I jumped down, she nabbed me by both arms, an' screamed, hysterical-like:

"'Oh, Cap! Oh, Cap!'

"Then everything seemed to give way; an' she was as limp as an empty sack."

"She had overheard a farmer, what had seen his family sot out o' doors, threaten to dump a train fur the railroad swindlers, an' watchin'—because that was my run, boys!—had discovered the plan to pile my train over the bank. Knowin' that I wouldn't be likely to see her signal, an' rememberin' some stories I'd told her, she stood close to the track an' throwed a lantern through the cab window."

"But now it was all over she wilted, an' I had her on my hands."

"I reckon, fellers, thar was a queer, all-over-erish feelin' about me, and a mighty big lump in my throat. All drippin' wet as she was, I took her up in my arms an' straddled it off to ward the house. An' thinkin'—mighty solemn, I kin tell ye!—as how she'd saved my life (not to mention the hull train) an' what a dainty leetle thing she was to be out there alone in the rain and wind, waitin' fur me to come along, I fell to kissin' of her wet cheeks an' lips an' hair, all the way up to the house; an' she let me, clingin' to my neck, an' sobbin', an' sayin', now and then:

"'Oh, Cap! Oh, Cap!'

"An' thar, gents, is the how yer humble servant popped the question."

Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

THE PROFESSIONAL ARENA.

SUSPICIOUS PLAY.

It is now beginning to be evident that the West will have the best of it in the campaign of 1876. The interest taken in the contests of the Stock Company clubs each season has hitherto centered on the struggle for the honor of bearing off the whip-pennant. This year, however, the new issue of West vs. East has mo-

nopolized the interest of the campaign contests, and the fight for the pennant has become of secondary importance, especially since it has been seen that the Chicago nine is very likely to win it as easily this year as the Bostonians did last season, they evidently being regarded as having the strongest team, since it has been shown that the St. Louis nine is not altogether reliable. And in regard to this latter point we have a few words to say in view of the occurrences of the past week or two.

On May 27th the St. Louis nine lost a game to the Mutuals through the palpable misplays of McGarry, of the St. Louis team, his play looking so very "crooked" that Cuthbert refused to play his position after the second inning, Pearce taking his place in the field. A telegram was sent to St. Louis by Manager Grafton, notifying the St. Louis Club Directors that he had suspended McGarry because of his suspected foul play. Mr. C. O. Bishop at once came to Philadelphia, investigated the matter, and of course could find no other evidence than that shown by the analysis of play, and this being merely circumstantial, he was reinstated. Mr. Bishop then offered a reward of \$250 to any one showing that McGarry was interested in any illegitimate way in the loss of the game. Now the great difficulty attendant upon the discovery of proof of "crooked" play lies in the fact that the fellows who are "in" with the crooked player make more by remaining silent than they do by "peaching" on their "pal," and hence none of them can be bribed to "give him away." It would be well worth while for the League Association itself to offer a reward of \$2,500 instead of \$250 for the discovery of such proof of fraud as would be necessary to drive the "crooked" player from the League field. It is all a question of money. The man who would join with a player to sell a game is one no better than a common sneak-thief, and such a fellow only needs a greater amount offered to induce him to sell his "friend" than that he receives for assisting him, to let the cat out of the bag. It would be well worth \$5,000 to convict one of these knaves, and the League clubs should look at it in this light. Let us suppose a case of this kind by way of illustration. Here are two clubs playing a match, at Brooklyn, we'll say. On one the betting is at 2 to 1 that they win. Now what is easier than to get in with pool-buyers at Boston, Hartford and Philadelphia, and arrange to take the odds to the amount of a thousand dollars in each city, and then "fix things" so as to lose the game? By such a maneuver six thousand dollars is cleared at a dash, and if half has been shared the "crooked" man is still three thousand in, more than his whole season's salary. Now how is the little game to be discovered so as to obtain clear proof of guilt, except an inducement can be offered his "pard" in the business to "give him away"? Here is where a reward of \$2,500 would come in with effect, where \$250 would be laughed at.

The great curse of the game at present lies in the temptation offered to players through the pool boxes connected with base-ball. Especially is this great where players have anything like a capital to invest. In this connection it will be seen that it is well worth a player's attention who has money at command to get into a nine at a merely nominal salary, for by working just such a little game as we have pointed out only twice in a season he can clear from four to six thousand dollars. It would pay the League Association to create a special fund from which to offer a standing reward of three to five thousand dollars for the discovery of evidence of guilt on selling a game on the part of any of their club players. To offer small rewards is useless, as we have shown.

THE LEAGUE PENNANT CONTEST.

The record of the League clubs in their contests for the pennant, up to June 5th, is as follows. We give the names of the clubs in the order of won games.